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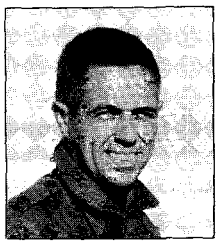
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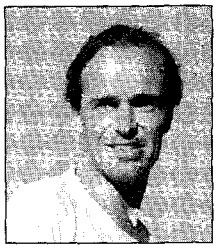
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LETTERS

Gilder's Dilemma?

Bravo, *NR*, for your special issue giving "A Program for Reagan's Second Term" [Nov. 30]. I don't know how much of it our President will be able to carry out—although Terrel Bell's voluntary (?) departure gives me hope—but it certainly made good reading. I especially liked Samuel McCracken's comments on the mess the Feds have made of urban mass transit, and Roger Starr's clear-eyed, *genuinely* compassionate look at the poor and at the programs designed to help them. Also—back to Terrel Bell—Tom Bethell and Paul Craig Roberts are exactly right in saying that nothing can be done without the right people on Reagan's team.

I did have one disappointment, though: George Gilder's piece on the sexes. I found it funny in places, moving in places; but when I had finished it, I realized that he is the only one of the contributors who offered not *one* concrete suggestion as to how to restore the relations between the sexes that he would like. And there may, alas, be a good reason for this: The changes in the "roles" of the two sexes owe something, to be sure, to the efforts of social theorists and crusaders. But they could never have taken the solid form they have were it not for the economic changes over the last couple of centuries—starting with the Industrial Revolution, going through the socio-economic changes brought about by the two World Wars, and continuing with the technological revolution. Even if we could repeal these changes, which I doubt, what would that do to the entrepreneurial capitalism that Mr. Gilder extols? It seems to me he wants two worlds at once.

Laura di Stefano
Baltimore, Md.

Of Markets and Manners

Is it Trash-the-Friedmans Season at NATIONAL REVIEW? The June 1 issue contains a snippy article by Tom Bethell with a lousy title, "Monetarists *v.* Supply-Siders"; the July 27 issue contains a sassy review by William Rickenbacker of the latest book by Milton and Rose Friedman.

It is bad enough that both pieces are superciliously sarcastic. But the miserable manners are matched by miserable economics. Much reliance is put by the journalistic authors on appeal to authority—a device that would be sophomoric even if, contrary to fact, all of the cited authorities were really authoritative.

In the substantive exposition, we are enriched by such dicta as: One is impure to acknowledge that markets do not equilibrate instantaneously and costlessly; no matter how much the prices of meat and shoes may rise, we have deflation if the price of gold falls; deflation actually is splendid, for it makes a dollar worth more; and we are to achieve measurable splendid performance of the economy through adoption of the one and only reputable monetary arrangement even though we can make no economic measurements (other than the price of gold) and we can neither define nor measure money.

There are genuine opponents out there, opponents of those of us who value competitive, price-directed markets, maximal reliance on private rights to use of property, minimal government, and tolerant and civil individualism. Silly, shivsticking bickering in the enlisted ranks does not help the serious warriors.

William R. Allen
President, International Institute
for Economic Research
Los Angeles, Calif.

Professor Allen is no doubt aware that a debate is raging, from the pages of NR *to those of* Business Week *and the* Wall Street Journal, *over whether Friedman's theory fully explains current monetary events. The two* NR *pieces in question offer plausible objections to that theory. Their tone is robust, but as respectful of the work of Mr. Friedman as the editors of* NR *are respectful of it—as they are of him. On the matter of tone, we do not ask our writers to don stylistic uniforms when speaking out, nor would our friend Milton Friedman ask them to do so—even as, manifestly, we do not regulate the manners of our letter writers.* —ED.

Picking the Winner

Thank you for providing us with some food for thought in "Populism, Anyone?" [Oct. 19]. In my book, Mr. Johnston wins by a TKO, his Ivy League background notwithstanding.

The compelling point, implicit in Johnston's piece, is that public officials ought to do what is right for their country

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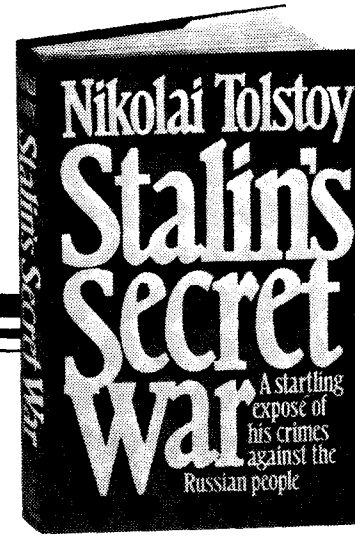
"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

— Joseph Sobran
National Review



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Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

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rather than bend to the demands of more narrow interests. This is one of the salient thoughts to come from *The Federalist*, certainly a fine guide for conservatives. Elected officials will be able, in most cases, to do what the constituents want and what the official believes proper; but when a conflict arises, our Founding Fathers urged strongly that the official follow his conscience and attempt to lead the constituents into an understanding of the wisdom of that choice.

All public officials are populists in the sense that they get elected, and attempt to stay in office, by perceiving the needs and wants of the voters and by trying to meet those needs. But we, as conservatives, should certainly opt for the higher ground. We do indeed need politicians who care more for their country than for being popular.

Stanley Goldstein
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

In his assault against "Conservative Populism" *à la* Viguerie, Mr. Johnston acts like the proprietor of the term "populism," who bitterly resents any infringement of his copyright. He offers a long history of "populism" in America, implying that anyone using that designation is duty bound to follow in its footsteps.

Unlike scientific terms, political ones are fluid in their meaning. People called "liberals" in this country are in total opposition to the liberal tradition of Europe. In France the "liberals" are well to the right of the spectrum, in Canada slightly to the left, in England around the middle. According to Mr. Johnston's doctrine, all but one of these must be feloniously purloining the liberal name.

Political bottles are better judged by their content than by the label, and if Mr. Viguerie believes—rightly or wrongly—that his ideas have a better chance of acceptance under a flag of another color, those who share these ideas should not object. After all, many other conservatives have long been looking for some name that would not carry the subliminal connotation of stodgy orthodoxy and class. Whether "populism" is the answer remains to be seen, but let's welcome any movement in the right direction, whatever it chooses to call itself.

Alexander T. Jordan
Coral Gables, Fla.

Johnston's and Viguerie's treatment of conservative populism amounted to the shadowboxing of stereotypes. The two articles discuss the split among conservatives in terms annoyingly devoid of substance.

The weakness of Johnston's piece is that it raises the specter of a conservative conflict without discussing its battles. His ad hominem argument pins Viguerie to the historical term "populist," claiming that Viguerie either doesn't know what it means and therefore isn't worth hearing, or does know what populism is and is trying to deceive people.

The weakness of Viguerie's perspective is that it *does* rely on conspiracies for its premises: conspiracies of finance, humanism, elitism, and the "establishment." His ad hominem argument consists of pat, chauvinistic platitudes about the inherent superiority and goodness of the "people" when compared to the "elite."

At a time when those who might have voted for Hart went mostly for Reagan, when a "neo-liberalism" that differs very little from domestic fiscal conservatism is being touted as the heir to New Deal liberalism, and when Republicans have implemented the only genuine new idea in 15 years—supply-side economics—conservatism could dominate our politics for the rest of the decade.

However, the momentum of conservatism today is threatened by infighting among presidential staff members, character assassination in the Republican Platform Committee, and sparring between stereotypical "elitists" and "populists." Maintaining the current conservative dominance ought to be more important than attacking one's allies over neckties and alma maters.

Francis Patrick White
Washington, D.C.

Unfair Treatment

It may be impudent to suggest it, but I believe that readers are entitled to another review of Morgan Reynolds's thorough and provocative book on unions, *Power and Privilege: Labor Unions in America*. The review [Oct. 5] by Dan Dickinson was not just tendentious and inaccurate. Worse, it missed the whole point of the book, and this is no small disservice to readers of *NR*.

Dickinson's reaction, as soon as he perceived the thrust of the book, was (for someone who feels as he does about unions) predictable. It was quick, angry, and intemperate. He makes it clear that he thinks Reynolds's purpose is to abolish unions, although Reynolds takes pains explicitly to disavow that objective, proposing merely that unions and their members be put on the same legal footing as the rest of us. Under the heading "Restore Equality before the Law," Reynolds simply advocates deregulation—surely a proposal that, in these times, merits objective consideration and rational analysis. It got neither from Dickinson. In-

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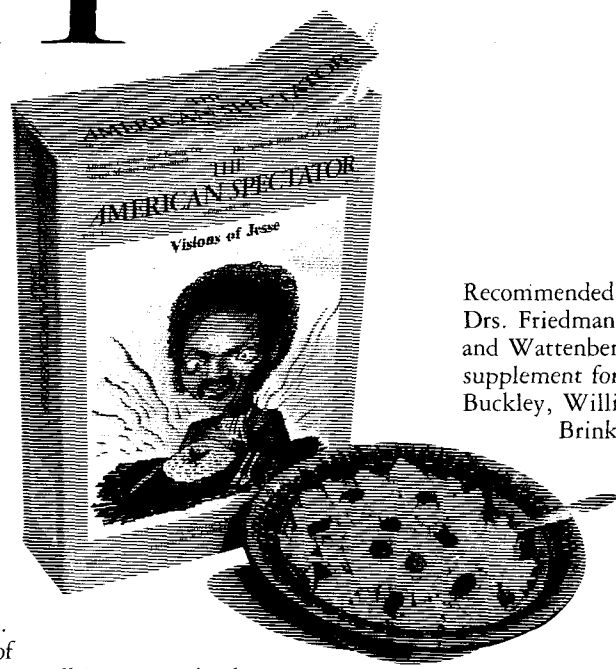
Cerebral supplement.



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stead, it drew scorn, sarcasm, and a good deal of distortion—quoting out of context and the like.

But, worst of all, by presenting the book as a sort of mindless right-wing anti-union tract, Dickinson may have steered thoughtful readers away from a book they ought to read. How much more of a disservice than that can the reviewer render the reader?

Frank O'Connell
Aptos, Calif.

For Shame

As a conservative and loyal Republican I must take issue with Miss Charen's "The Decline of Shame" [Sept. 21]. Watching the Vanessa Williams episode unfold, I could not help but think that the ones who should be ashamed were Bob Guccione for his cynical greed and the Miss America pageant officials for their hypocritical posturing. I had nothing but sympathy for Vanessa Williams.

When are we as a society, or more accurately as men, going to stop making so many conflicting demands on our young women? On the one hand Mr. Guccione and *Penthouse* and all the other "girlie" magazines are in the business of merchandising sex—which I have no moral objections to whatsoever. (Before I canonize Mr. Guccione, let me say that I found his behavior ruthlessly opportunistic. I get the impression he would kick his grandmother down the stairs if he thought he could cash her Social Security check.) On the other hand, the pageant officials would have us believe that their candy-coated annual event has nothing to do with (dare we say it?) Sex. Come on, guys, every red-blooded American male knows what the swim-suit competition is all about, and it has nothing to do with swimming. For pageant officials to run for the moral high ground on this issue is the height of hypocrisy.

Mark Van Der Weert
Chesapeake, Va.

As a 15-year-old female from Portland, Oregon, I would like to commend Mona Charen on her article "The Decline of Shame." Among others, I was one who felt sorry for Vanessa Williams and the unfortunate circumstances that did indeed plague her in the last two months of her reign as Miss America. But I was gratified to read Miss Charen's article.

Her point of view was one that has not been presented (at least publicly), and more, and perhaps most, important is the fact that it is true: What Vanessa Williams did was indeed shameful. It is only one of many examples of the decline of shame in our society today.

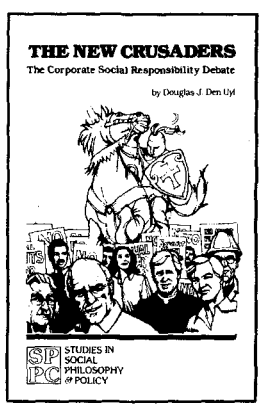
Cheers to Miss Charen!

Laura McCandless
Portland, Ore.

An Old Howler

NATIONAL REVIEW and John Roche are favorites of mine, but I must comment on Mr. Roche's citing "OHIO—over the hill in October" ["The Passing of 'The Class of 1941,'" Oct. 19] to show a poor attitude among soldiers in 1941. (Although, to be sure, Mr. Roche is only one in a long line who have made similar comments, starting with *Life* magazine in 1941.)

As a Pfc. in the 27th Division (NYNG) called to duty for one year in October 1940, I was among those who cried "OHIO" in the piney woods of Arkansas during the maneuvers in August 1941. No one in my unit ever intended to go AWOL in October. We did enjoy seeing our NCOs, prodded by the officers, rush around the bivouac area searching for the callers. "OHIO" was usually howled like a wolf's call. When the NCOs went in one direction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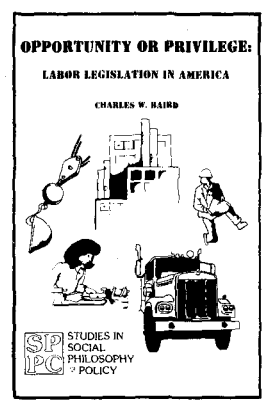

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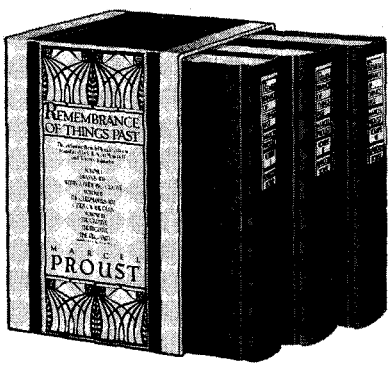

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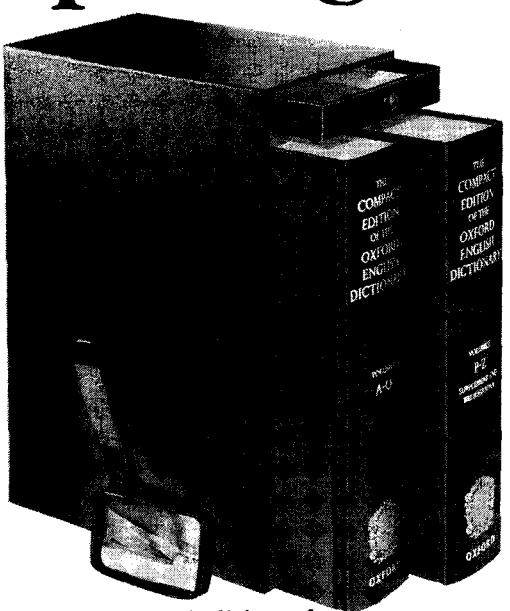

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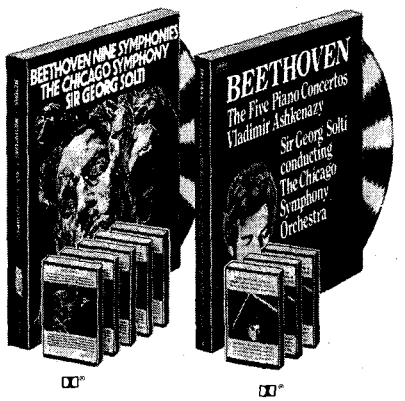
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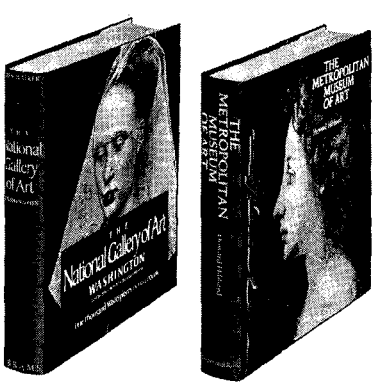

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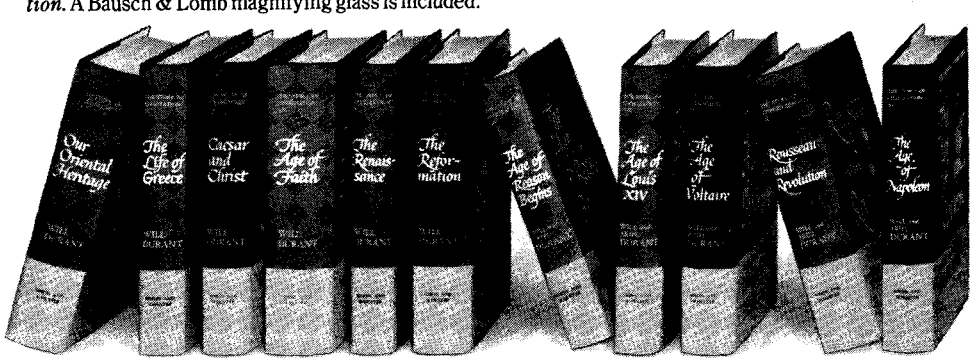

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the howl would be made again from the opposite side of camp. It was all great sport for the ordinary GIs, who, by the way, were not generally draftees. The first draft was not called to duty until November 1940 and so was not scheduled for an October 1941 release. I believe that the record will clearly show that the "OHIO" business did not lead to any increase in AWOL or desertion. In my own case, I retired from the regular army in October 1970.

Keep up the good work.

Colonel John D. Wieben, USA (Ret.)
Cocoa Beach, Fla.

No News—Good News

In Dinesh D'Souza's all-too-brief article on "Accuracy in Media" [Nov. 2], the author aptly concludes that, to change the media, what is needed is "either a mass infiltration of conservatives into the mainstream media, or for conservatives to buy a major network. The former is not likely, but somewhere a wealthy conservative may want to consider the latter."

Truer and more obvious words were never spoken. Until conservatives get control of a major TV network or a major newspaper such as the *New York Times*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Washington Post*, or *Miami Herald*, the news will continue to be super-slanted.

But as a past, present, and future supporter of *NR*, I would like to know this: Why has *NR* itself never really come to grips with the overriding need in the U.S. for at least one major conservative daily? Think of it. The greatest industrialized country in the world—and not a single major conservative newspaper!

Wm. Kephart
Moylan, Pa.

An excellent piece by Mr. D'Souza. As an enthusiastic subscriber to AIM I applaud. Only question: Would it *really* help if conservatives acquired a major network? Face it: The news department is sacrosanct—management must keep hands off! The same with newspapers—the union controls the personnel. Thus, that sacred cow, freedom of the press, becomes license of the press. The pattern of propaganda in the media is too obvious to be accidental. Is this possibly one more reason why, historically, democracies have been self-destructive?

As a former broadcaster myself—Sigma Delta Chi, member of the S.F. and L.A. Press Clubs—I have long been appalled by the slanting and distortion toward the Left. Even our comic sections are becoming brainwashers. Funnies (?) like *Doonesbury* (recently returned in time for the Mondale campaign) and *Benchley* are just two examples that I have noticed. Is this part of a plan to imprint young minds with left-wing cynicism toward our American institutions?

Hale Sparks
San Antonio, Tex.

Reed Irvine is a true American hero with his Accuracy in Media. I wish I could send him a grillion dollars! Dinesh D'Souza's article on AIM is one of the reasons that NATIONAL REVIEW is such a treasure.

Where else could we get such accuracy in the media?

Doris E. Bekins
Fallbrook, Calif.

First Friars First

In your editorial [Nov. 2] welcoming John Paul II to Canada, you state that "the Church's mission to North America began in Canada 369 years ago, in Quebec." Allow me to point out that the Church's mission began at least eight years before that, when Chaplain Robert Hunt planted the Church of England in the Jamestown Colony.

Perhaps for you, Anglicanism doesn't qualify as "the Church," which would be a very naughty attitude in this ecumenical age. Anyway, there was also the work of the Spanish friars in Mexico and California, which was well under way before the end of the sixteenth century. Virginia, Mexico, and California are all in North America.

A bit picky of me, of course, but face it: We're the kind of readership you cultivate. Best wishes.

(Rev. Canon) Edmund W. Olifiers Jr.
Saint Boniface's Episcopal Church
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

Truffaut Consequences

David Brooks's obituary of François Truffaut [Nov. 16] is quite good, except for one fault. Brooks says: "And unlike some of his more pretentious peers, [Truffaut] was uninterested in politics." Brooks is probably implying that the films of Jean-Luc Godard are excessively political and therefore pretentious and therefore bad. I'd like to try to clear this up by pointing out the following historical facts:

1. During the period 1959 through 1964, Godard made films that were just as masterly as Truffaut's, and they were almost completely nonpolitical.

2. During the period 1965 through 1967, Godard made films that were for the most part "semi-political" but still artistically important.

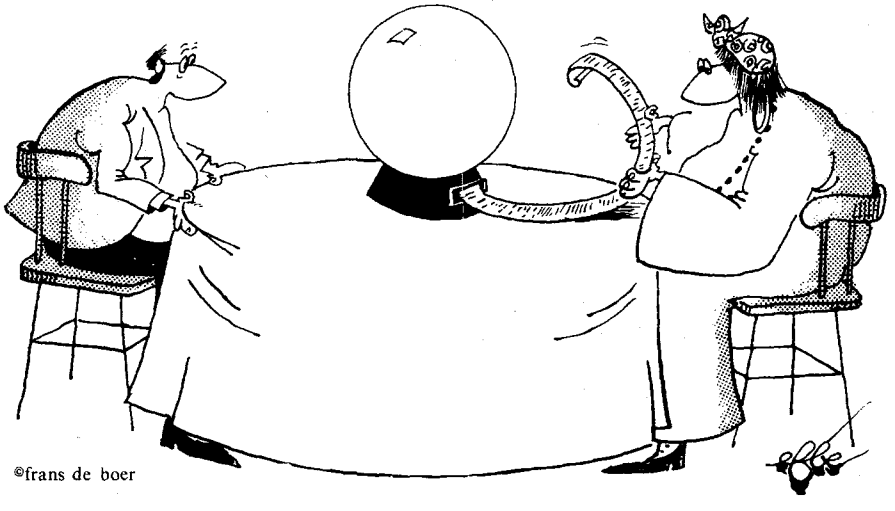
3. During the period 1968 through 1972 (and *only* during this period), Godard made films that were extremely political and therefore (*possibly*) pretentious.

In any case, the best of Godard and the best of Truffaut are among the most brilliant and enjoyable films of all time.

Bennett Bade
Denver, Colo.

Mr. Bade's letter on Jean-Luc Godard is quite good, except for one fault. He says that "the best of Godard and the best of Truffaut are among the most brilliant and enjoyable films of all time." Mr. Bade is probably implying that the films of Robert Godard, the inventor of rocketry, and Garry Truffeau, the creator of Doonesbury, *are films and are thus enjoyable and are thus temporally fixed and are thus the best films of a certain era. I agree, but no era later than the Mesozoic. Godard's masterpiece,* Blastoff, *is only three seconds long and devoid of semi-political and thus artistic and thus financial content. Truffeau's eight-hour epic,* Drawing, *is overtly autobiographical and excessively political and pretentious and bad.*

As to Jean-Luc *Godard, I did not particularly have him in mind.* —DB



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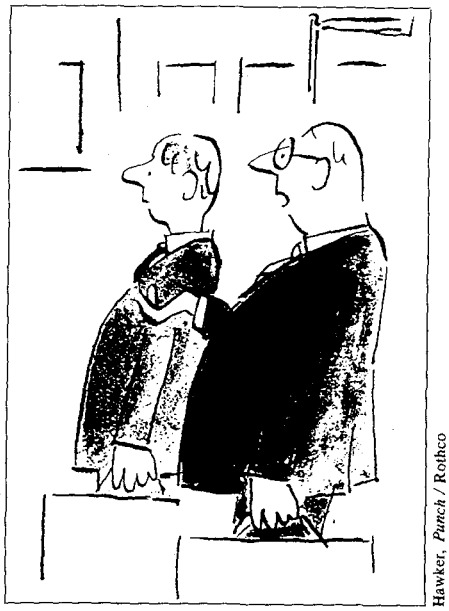
FOR THE RECORD

It was like a litany when Democratic Party pros—not the ideologues—performed their post-mortems on the election. The party, they concluded, was dead in its tracks. Gov. **Bruce Babbitt** (Ariz.): "The Democratic Party has got to let down the drawbridge and move out of Washington and discover America." . . . Gov. **Richard Lamm** (Colo.): "The party . . . should quit catering to single-interest groups, and it should take the lead in reforming those 'actuarial nightmares' it created, such as Social Security and Medicare." . . . National Democratic Committee member **Sharon Pratt Dixon**, at St. Thomas meeting of state chairmen and vice chairmen: We must "move our party to the economic center. We have to become the party of growth. The New Deal wasn't about social welfare, it was about economic welfare." . . . **Christopher Matthews**, aide to Democratic leadership in House: "We haven't done a good selling job with a lot of young people. The Republicans have portrayed us as the party of the poor, rather than the party of the people working their way up." . . . **Richard Moe**, former **Carter-Mondale** aide: "As a national party, we forfeited optimism, hope, and opportunity, things the Democratic Party must reclaim if it is ever going to elect another President." (*Moe added, incidentally, that the* **Reagan** people "ran the most flawless campaign I've seen in my lifetime.") . . . Said Rep. **Jim Jones** (Okla.), head of powerful House Budget Committee: "I think we should adopt the slogan of 'compassionate conservatism.' "

Some final election facts and figures: The three North Carolina Republicans to upset Democratic House members were: **Bill Cobey** over **Ike Andrews**; **Howard Coble** over **Robin Britt**; and former Rep. **Bill Hendon** who took out **James McClure Clarke**, the man who beat him last time around. . . . In California, former GOP Congressman **Robert K. Dornan** unseated the very liberal **Jerry Patterson**, but **John Paul Stark** failed to tumble the equally liberal **George Brown**. . . . Unseating an incumbent is not all that easy: 96 per cent of incumbents were re-elected. . . . Women running for House seats had so-so record this year: 65 ran; all twenty incumbents were re-elected, but only two challengers made it. . . . Interesting shift in Maine where a state Equal Rights Amendment once favored 2 to 1 in polls was defeated—2 to 1. . . . **Kevin Phillips**'s immediate reaction to slim Republican gains in House was that "You can forget realignment talk." . . . But *Christian Science Monitor* Washington bureau chief **Godfrey Sperling** believes Ronald Reagan may have a working majority. Many Democratic congressmen, he says, who were narrowly re-elected believe there has been a sea change and that they will ignore the conservative mandate Reagan received at their peril. . . . It was just fifty-fifty for **Peter, Paul, & Mary**, who raised big sums for prominent liberal candidates. **John Kerry** ($50,000) and **Paul Simon** ($26,000) won their senatorial races in Mass. and Ill., but **Lloyd Doggett** ($53,000) and **Jim Hunt** ($47,000) lost theirs in Tex. and N.C.



Hawker, *Punch* / Rothco

"However, let me make it plain, I'm ultra-conservative with a small 'u.' "

Conservatives encouraged that leading contenders to replace **Terrel Bell** at Education (Bell is the only Cabinet member so far to resign) are **William Bennett**, National Endowment for the Humanities chairman, and **John Silber**, president of Boston U. Question: Can Silber be spared from yeoman service he's performing in halls of academe? Also mentioned, yet another staunch and effective conservative, **Don Devine** of Office of Personnel Management. Should Bennett get the nod, conservative foundation executive **Phil Marcus** being mentioned for NEH. . . . Who'll go to United Nations to replace **Jeane Kirkpatrick**, when she leaves that job come spring? Current speculation centers on right-winger **Maxwell Rabb**, U.S. ambassador to Italy, and **Max Kampelman**, the tough and effective U.S. ambassador to the 1980-81 Madrid talks on compliance with the Helsinki accords. . . . **Evans & Novak** speculate that if **Michael Deaver** departs White House as he says he will next spring, Judge **William P. Clark** will be on inside track for chief of staff, the job **James Baker** now holds.

Foreign snippets: **Robert Mugabe** has fired last two cabinet members of **Joshua Nkomo**'s party on grounds they are dedicated to "violence and banditry." . . . Several hundred seven- to nine-year-old Afghan children have been shipped to the Soviet Union for at least ten years of schooling in what Soviet puppet **Babrak Karmal** told their weeping parents was a "magnificent friendly gesture by the Soviet Union toward the Afghan people." . . . Helsinki Watch, a human-rights monitoring group, says more than fifty people have disappeared and been murdered as Father **Jerzy Popieluszko** was, in the past three years.

Martin O'Connell of the Census Bureau, who eats demographics for breakfast, has found that the only group of Americans to have shown a marked increase in voter turnout in the past 15 years is persons 6 feet 5 inches or more tall.

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THE WEEK

☐ We aren't invading Nicaragua this week. Minnesota comes first.

☐ New York's liberal Governor Mario Cuomo is talking about the need for a strong defense, proposing to cut state taxes, and criticizing Catholic bishops—from the *right*. Cuomo argues that the bishops' draft statement on the economy is unrealistic in calling for minimum levels of national welfare. He also thinks they rely too heavily on the public sector to create jobs: "We cannot build an economy on the public payroll. The prime source of employment must be the private sector." And he takes issue with their objections to work requirements for welfare recipients: "Why can't we use the public welfare system to put the able-bodied to work?" For Governor Cuomo, at any rate, 1984 appears to have been a realigning election.

☐ Antonio Martino, professor of monetary theory and policy at the University of Rome, has reviewed Italy's recent experience to warn against a tax increase to "cover the federal deficit." In 1980, Italy had a horrendous deficit, more than 11 per cent of gross domestic product (the equivalent of a deficit of more than $350 billion here). "The solution *was* a drastic increase in taxes: from 1980 to 1983 the total tax revenue increased 90 per cent in nominal terms, jumping from 39.8 per cent of the GDP to 47.8 per cent. This is a very large increase, and it was made all the more painful by the fact that there was no real GDP increase over the same period." Did that end the deficit? Of course not. "Contrary to the expectations of the deficit-cutters, the Italian deficit *increased* from $19.68 billion in 1980 to $46.92 billion in 1983—a 138 per cent rise. Even when inflation is taken into account, the deficit has increased in real terms by more than 51 per cent, going from 11 per cent to 16.5 per cent of GDP." The phenomenon is universal. Regardless of the deficit, when the politicians pass a tax increase they spend it all and a good deal more. Politicians love deficits, not only so they can spend more, but so they have an excuse to raise taxes. And they won't abandon these practices unless forced to. In Italy, "public spending has jumped from 48.8 per cent of GDP in 1980 to a staggering 61.2 per cent in 1983."

☐ Quote of the week, and what fun it must be to be a *Wall Street Journal* editorialist: "By long tradition, every session of Congress has ended with a huge celebration in which members serve themselves 100 per cent federal underwriting for hometown water projects. While white-gloved waiters from the U.S. Treasury stroll the floor holding silver trays laden with cash, the members dance through the aisles shouting the words to their all-time greatest hit: '*You get yours, and I get mine, / We've all joined hands to feed the swine— / That's called the Pork Barrel Polka.*' "

☐ First it was a trickle, then a rivulet, and then a stream as British coal miners—wearied by an eight-month-long strike—started returning to the pits, lured by the promise of a hefty Christmas bonus if they reported back by the last week in November. Between five and ten thousand are working, and the defections continue. At issue is whether the British government, which owns and operates the coal industry, can shut down unproductive mines. Margaret Thatcher says yes. Arthur Scargill says no. The battle lines surged back and forth all spring, summer, and fall with the dangerous possibility that the dock workers might join forces with the miners. But night after night of violence on television news shows has taken its toll on public opinion, and Scargill's ill-advised appeals for help to Soviet labor unions (*sic*) and to that international gangster Muammar el-Qaddafi have backfired. The miners fancy themselves king-breakers. They brought down the Tory government of Edward Heath in just six weeks a decade ago, but there's little give in the Iron Lady's spine, as General Galtieri found out earlier on. The odds are shifting Maggie's way.

☐ What do you do when you can't win the hearts

99th Congress

Oh, Dad, release your daughter,
And, Mom, lock up your son.
Dan Crane was sent to slaughter,
But Gerry Studds has won.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE WAR has begun. Only hours after the re-election of their chieftain, Ronald Reagan, the Republicans had drawn battle lines in what figures to be a four-year struggle over the party's soul, to be embodied in its 1988 nominee. Almost a deity within the party, Reagan alone stands in the way of large-scale fratricidal bloodletting.

Taxes are the explosive issue of the day. The Hill populists—notably Jack Kemp, Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber, Robert Walker, and Connie Mack, backed by virtually two-thirds of the House Republicans—are ready to go to the wall over tax reform. Overtly backing the Kemp-Kasten flat-tax bill, the populist-conservatives (Pop-Cons) are quietly negotiating a compromise with the Democratic Bradley-Gephardt "fair-tax" supporters, growth-oriented liberal Democrats who, likewise, seek control of *their* party in 1988. The talks between the two camps, we hear, have gone beyond simple clarification of what is at issue, and moved into active consideration of an alliance. Of late, Jack Kemp has taken the initiative by closeting himself with Bill Bradley. The attempted reconciliation of elements in the two bills will be no easy task, since Bradley-Gephardt has three tax rates and Kemp-Kasten has one, and that one is, to boot, lower than the Bradley-Gephardt top rate.

Of course, any tax-reform alliance will have very hard going unless the President joins the team. In early December, Mr. Reagan will begin revealing the elements of his own tax-simplification plan. It remains to be seen whether that offering will mesh with Son of Kemp-Kasten/Bradley-Gephardt. "Where there's a will, there's a way," says a top White House insider, "and here we have a collective will. At a minimum, the concept of simplification will survive, and they'll all take credit for that."

Meanwhile the orthodox conservatives in the Republican Party—Bob Dole, Pete Domenici, Bob Michel, among others—are mounting their own attack on the towering deficit. They regard the Pop-Cons' plan as too drastic and yet, paradoxically, not reaching far enough. "We like the concept of tax reform," says one traditionalist (Trad), "but we want more emphasis on revenue production, rather than revenue neutrality." Pop-Cons are driven by the belief that tax reform, if executed in all its elements, will yield growth, and growth is what will produce the revenue to slay the deficit. Domenici and Dole have no such faith in growth. So the Trads plan to turn David Stockman loose with his budget-cutting laser, while at the same time enacting a tax increase. Oddly, Democratic leaders (notably Tip and Democratic Campaign Chairman Tony Coelho) may find themselves in de-facto support of the Pop-Cons, since the Democrats are refusing to join in any bipartisan effort to raise taxes. "Reagan alone will take the rap for any new taxes," says an influential Democratic aide. "We'll see to that."

Insult-trading between the two sides grows increasingly unedifying. "Crazy and irresponsible" is how one Trad describes the Pop-Cons. Bob Dole, famous for his acerbic but not totally unfriendly one-liners, becomes very unfriendly toward Newt Gingrich, Jack Kemp, and the rest of the Conservative Opportunity Society, proclaiming them "The Young Hypocrites." (Some close observers here think that Dole deliberately spiked Kemp's legislative creature, enterprise zones—which would give tax breaks to anyone willing to take a chance on developing rundown, undesirable urban sectors through imaginative entrepreneurship—because enactment of any such plan would aid Kemp in his 1988 quest for the Presidency.) Responding, the Pop-Cons describe Trads as "losers" who have been losing for the last fifty years. "You can't build a new majority by playing Washington games," says Newt Gingrich, scorning Trad pragmatism. Gingrich calls Dole "the Mondale of the Republican Party."

A GOP schism of grand proportions may be in the making. Only one person can close the gap—Ronald Reagan. "He'll probably let the rage blow itself out," says a White House insider. "Besides, Bush is his all-but-appointed heir, and George is standing on the sidelines watching his 1988 opponents bloody themselves up." As things look now, Dole is bloodier than Kemp.

—CATO

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and minds of the people? If you're the Soviet Union and the people in question are Afghans, you wipe them out. Reports smuggled out of Afghanistan say the Soviets are eradicating entire villages in their efforts to end what will soon be five years of war in Afghanistan. Robert Macauley, head of Americares, one of the organizations that send medical supplies to the Afghans, bluntly says the Soviets are "trying to wipe the Afghans off the face of the earth." To this end, the Soviets have committed another twenty thousand troops to the war, bringing their army to around 120,000 strong. The Afghan resistance, for its part, continues its fight without any significant help from the West. No doubt the West would like to help, but it fears antagonizing the Soviets. Meanwhile, in another war in another part of the world, Soviet freighters steam into Nicaraguan harbors, bringing tons of sophisticated military hardware. The United States has voiced its displeasure, but the Soviet Union apparently doesn't fear antagonizing the United States.

☐ Tripoli radio proudly announced that Abdul Hamid Bakkush, the last pre-Qaddafi prime minister of Libya, had been "executed" in Egypt by "suicide squads" set up "to liquidate the enemies of the revolution." Next day, Egypt announced that the whole thing had been a sting. There was indeed a plot, but the Egyptians had rounded up the assassins and sent their Libyan handler some faked photographs of the supposedly dead Mr. Bakkush—wherefore the joyous announcement. Gotcha! The Egyptians also disclosed that the plotters had been interested in stealing an F-16 jet, and in offing Helmut Kohl, King Fahd, and Indira Gandhi (have to scratch that last item from the list). President Mubarak called Qaddafi "an international terrorist" and asked, "Are they going to leave this

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Off-Loading in Nicaragua

The ship is clearly Soviet.
A hammer and a sickle get
Top billing on the smokestack, so
We know she's not from Tokyo,
Though, naturally, Mr. Dodd
Finds nothing in the cargo odd.

W. H. VON DREELE

man making all this harassment all over the world?" Good question.

☐ The Organization of African Unity did not collapse this year. That's news, because in 1982, when the OAU officially recognized the Polisario guerrillas of the Western Sahara, many moderate nations boycotted the meetings. This year, Polisario was seated as a member, and only Zaire joined the Morocco-led walkout. The rest of the moderate nations, miffed with Morocco over its federation with Libya, stayed and accepted the decision of the radical majority. Political rifts in Africa are as serious as ever, but debt and famine hold the OAU nations together.

☐ And Brunei makes 159. On September 21, the United Nations gave birth to its newest member, Brunei Darussalam—a tiny but oil-blessed country that makes up in money what it lacks in size. The 2,226-square-mile nation has $13 billion in currency reserves, more than Switzerland. Anyone interested in locating the country should look at the northwest corner of the island of Borneo. In his maiden UN speech, Sultan Hassanal Bolkiah Muizzaddin Waddaulah proved himself a master of UN vernacular by criticizing Vietnam's "occupation of Kampuchea" and Israel's "occupation of Arab lands." When he came to Afghanistan, he again did the politically prudent thing and spoke of the "withdrawal of foreign forces from Afghanistan," carefully choosing not to mention the country the foreign forces belonged to.

☐ If you believe Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca wrote his own autobiography, you will believe anything. But the damn thing sold 550,000 copies its first month. Says Iacocca brightly, "I know it's good in cars if you sell 550,000. I don't know if it's good in books." The man is just asking to be strangled by all but three American writers.

☐ The conventional wisdom is that Franklin Roosevelt ignored his predecessor, Herbert Hoover, throughout his years in office. Not quite, according to Gary Dean Best, author of *Herbert Hoover: The Postpresidential Years*. By 1934, writes Best, "the man in Palo Alto was finding new reasons to despise the regime in Washington. Hoover had evidence that his incoming and outgoing mail was being opened. When William Castle [a friend] wrote that one of Hoover's letters to him 'had been opened and rather crudely resealed,' the former President replied that it was not the first time this had happened. In his letter to Castle, Hoover also added for the benefit of any snooper: 'If the gentleman who opens this letter would please transmit a copy of it to the President I should be greatly obliged to him. If he would make an investigation as to what the Post Office Department is doing, or some other branch of government espionage, he will find a great many other complaints of tampering with the mails. A large amount of evidence is accumulating on this question, which will sooner or later break loose, and there will be a national demand for an investigation as to who is conducting the United States Cheka.' "

☐ A *New York Times* Op-Ed piece was titled, puzzlingly, "Protecting Pentagon Whistlers." Whistlers? We read on: It was short for whistle-*blowers*. A little odd, we thought: Why not "squealers"? But of course! It's "whistle-blowing" when you inform on the Pentagon. "Squealing" is like when you tell parents what their kids are up to.

☐ Professor Robert Jastrow is a distinguished scientist and, among other things, founder and past director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies. Recently he took part in an important Washington symposium on the possibility of a Star Wars defense against missiles. Along the way, Professor Jastrow vouchsafed the following observation: "I would like to say at the start that my admiration for the President is just unbounded—not only for his defense policies but for his economic policies. This is very much a minority view in the academic circles in which I sometimes travel, especially on the campus on which I'm now teaching, where I keep a very low profile on these matters." Professor Jastrow teaches at an Ivy League institution, and we are very sorry to blow his cover.

☐ HURRY, HURRY, HURRY: Last chance to register for the special holiday-break winter session of the National Journalism Center in Washington, from mid-December to late January. The center offers a $100-a-week stipend or a college-credit internship for the program, which includes research, writing, editing, and training with working journalists (Evans & Novak) and news organizations (*Reader's Digest*, *Human Events*, UPI). To apply, contact M. Stanton Evans, 517 Second St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, or call Tom Davis or Mal Kline, 202-544-1333, on or before December 3.

☐ What's new in the Humanities? Professor Robert Hollander of Princeton, Professor Kevin Brownlee of

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Dartmouth, and other scholars have put together the Dartmouth Dante Project, funded in part by the National Endowment for the Humanities. The idea is to put on a computer the vast accumulation of Dante commentary, so that if you want to know what has been said about Brunetto Latini during the past six hundred years, presto, you have it. Calling Peter Grace.

□ Memo from U.S.A. to Nicaragua: Sorry we had to cancel the invasion again this week. You know how it is with dental appointments. Can we make it next Tuesday? Sixish?

You're in Charge Now, Sir

IT'S AMUSING to hear Democrats describing Ronald Reagan as a "lame duck," when just a few weeks ago they were warning of all the terrible things an uninhibited Reagan might do in his second term. Their latest line is probably a gambit to coax him into semi-retirement by suggesting that he can't accomplish much anyway.

The President should act swiftly to persuade them that they were right the first time. His tenure in office is nearly half over, and history will judge him not by whether his opponents found him acceptable but by what he actually accomplished. He must use his second term to make a real difference to this nation's destiny.

The 1984 election was a mandate for freedom. The Democrats ran on a platform and record of special-interest tribalism, redistribution, high taxes, and effective surrender. They lost resoundingly, and they won majorities only among blacks, Jews, and Hispanics (though Reagan ran unexpectedly well among the latter). The party of a shrinking America was rewarded with a shrinking political base that shows no prospect of expanding.

The Republicans, on the other hand, enjoy a dynamic base. They have achieved the grand fusion of social and economic conservatives, united by a robust patriotism. Neither of the Republicans' components is exclusivist or redistributionist. The Republicans have wisely rejected the whole zero-sum approach of transfer payments and "affirmative action." Setting aside empirical questions about supply-side economics, much of the political power of this innovation is symbolic: It represents growth, the prosperity in which all can share without any need for state redistribution.

The social issues were a gift from the Democrats, who tried to let the judiciary sneak the unpopular parts of the liberal agenda past the political process. This ploy enabled liberal pols to shrug that they couldn't "interfere" with the courts' constitutional role of "interpreting" the Constitution. But when conservatives forced the issues back into politics, liberals found themselves pitted against the popular majority—and, unlike the Democrats' style of politics, social conservatism didn't require that anyone be sheared to clothe someone else. A Republican could pick up thousands of votes by announcing himself in favor of school prayer, without spending a dime. The social issues expose the incredible arrogance, stupidity, and political weakness of the liberal elite.

It behooves Mr. Reagan to take advantage of his huge popularity. He is the conservative President of a conservative nation. The *New York Times* beckons him "back to reality": Now is the time to teach liberals what the reality is. Their "reality" would have him ignore his campaign pledge not to raise taxes; the truth is that if there is any pledge he should adjust to reality, it is the one against tampering with Social Security (which Americans are coming to recognize as the Ponzi scheme it is) and Medicare (which has driven medical costs up wildly). Reforming or discarding these economic enormities will take a real fight, but if Ronald Reagan can't do it in his second term, it is hard to see when it can be done.

"Affirmative action" was created by executive order in 1967 and has turned into the monstrosity of crude quotas. It can be done away with by a simple countermand, and should be.

On the foreign-policy front, the President can do nothing better than to read, and make his aides and appointees read, Jean-François Revel's *How Democracies Perish* (reviewed in this issue). The clock of history ticks relentlessly; it is late, and the West can no longer afford to be governed apologetically.

Staff Time

JUST WHAT is wrong with the White House operation is manifest in the following brief excerpts from the December 3 *New Republic*. See if you can guess who wrote them. "As the first reel of the Reagan era ends and the second begins, the President must be wondering if the audience will still be in the theater when the movie ends. Indeed, applause from election day is already dying out." "Newt Gingrich, the intellectual leader of the hot-eyed young conservatives in the House . . ." "However insufferable some of Reagan's supporters on the New Right may be . . ." "Whether the President and his team face up to the reality of the deficit before January is the most important issue hanging over them." "Reagan must now convince [the Soviets] that if they return to the table the United States is prepared to be flexible."

You might think that these words, dripping with contempt for Ronald Reagan, were written by one of *The New Republic*'s regulars, Michael Kinsley maybe, or Leon Wieseltier, or Sidney Blumenthal. Well, wrong. They were written by David Gergen, former Director of Communications in the Reagan White

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House. His *New Republic* article is called "Reel Two, Take One." Get it? The old boy is just an actor.

The President has already accomplished a great deal. He has revised the national agenda, changed the terms of political discussion; he has demonstrated that taxes can be *lowered.* His second term can be the climax of his remarkable political career. He has the opportunity, now, to press forward: dismantle the federal income-transfer mechanism, eliminate reverse discrimination, thwart Castroism . . . But in order to complete the long march of his political career, he requires colleagues who understand his agenda, and his real abilities. It is time for some house-cleaning.

What Do You Do With A Drunken Sailor?

THE NEW CONGRESS is likely to be resistant, but not impervious, to the Reagan Administration's economic sobriety regimen of budget cuts and tax reform. The rising deficit estimates may help scare the spenders sober. Here are five other ways President Reagan could help dry out "wet" Republicans and even get some Democrats on the wagon:

Knock heads together on the flat tax. The major bills—Kemp-Kasten on the Republican side and Bradley-Gephardt on the Democratic—are not that far apart. Reagan could tell both sides that he will endorse any reasonable compromise between the two bills that saves indexing and is "revenue-neutral."

Stake a claim on the dynamic revenue gains from a flat tax. A flat tax that is "revenue-neutral" in static terms would raise revenue in reality, because taxpayers would proceed to earn and report more taxable income. (At the same time, the *burden* that taxpayers feel would be lower.) Reagan should tell his budgeters to estimate and claim reasonable revenue gains from this "reflow," thus adding deficit reduction to the other arguments for the flat tax.

Reassure deduction holders. The flat tax, of course, would eliminate most of the deductions enjoyed by taxpayers today. (Senator Dole is already scaring oilmen off by pointing out that the flat tax puts their depletion allowances up for debate.) The prime danger is that left-wing tax-increase lobbies, like the misnamed "Citizens for Tax Justice," will take advantage of the legislative confusion to pick off deductions without a cut in the general rates. Reagan should assure nervous businessmen that his veto will save them from this worst-case possibility.

Go after subsidies to business and the well-to-do. In another area, however, businesses and upper-bracket taxpayers must be asked to make sacrifices. That area is spending. The Administration should keep pushing to cut subsidies of private planes and pleasure boats and federal hydropower rates in the Northwest. Aerospace companies should learn to live without the Export-Import Bank, and hotel builders without Community Development Block Grants. (If Commerce Secretary Baldrige protests, lock him in a White House closet.) The Reagan Administration actually has a commendable record in pushing for cuts in several of these areas, but for some reason has never got the story out to the public. It should now.

Muster one-third plus one. Reagan could announce as early as possible that he will veto all discretionary spending above a set level, that level being calculated to incorporate the steepest cuts that are acceptable to one-third plus one of the members of the House or Senate (probably the House). By announcing the veto threat well in advance, Reagan would let Congress know that it has no one to blame but itself if it dawdles in passing appropriation bills until the final deadline, at which point a veto leads to disruption.

Reflections On Fundamentalism

MUCH WAS said about "fundamentalism" in this year's election. Indeed the figure of Jerry Falwell seems to possess the fascination of the abomination for the entire Northeastern cultural establishment, with Yale's president A. Bartlett Giamatti, for example, acting as if the minister is about to descend upon New Haven and snatch *The Origin of Species* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* out of undergraduate hands.

Falwell has no such intention, of course, and he also has every right to participate in the political process. What might be called the fundamentalist tendency, however, appears to be a global phenomenon.

Indira Gandhi, for example, was assassinated by Sikhs, a devout sect that can fairly be called fundamentalist. While the religious and political motives for the assassination have not yet been sorted out, the Sikhs desired greater autonomy for the Punjab and were resisting the centralizing thrust of the New Delhi government. Mrs. Gandhi, moreover, was a seculariz-

Grab It, for Heaven's Sake

Like trout in a milk bottle,
Mandates can't hide,
So watching Republicans
Act like a bride,
Uncertain and timorous,
Leads me to say:
"What nutty behavior for
Guys in the hay."

W. H. VON DREELE

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ing figure, associated with compulsory sterilization programs, the UN, and global socialism.

In Iran, the Ayatollah represented a fundamentalist Shiite reaction against the Shah's "White Revolution," an attempted modernization-from-above, which threatened the income and power of the mullahs and the mosques and disrupted age-old patterns of life in the countryside. Anwar Sadat was devout, but Moslem fundamentalists considered him too Western, too accommodating to Israel and Washington; President Mubarak has been more indigenous and discreet.

Falwell and, indeed, Pope John Paul II are only distantly related to the extreme and bizarre forms of fundamentalist feeling elsewhere in the religious world, but some parallels exist. Falwell's present importance reflects a widespread reaction against the pornography, drugs, sexual permissiveness, casual abortion, and other cultural changes coming out of the 1960s. It is inevitable, and indeed desirable, that there should have been a reaction against all of this, and the reaction goes far beyond Falwell. Pope John Paul is attempting to deal with the demoralization of his Church that was an unintended consequence of Vatican II: liberated nuns, Jesuits in jeans, flaky liturgies, dialogue with Marxists, outright heresy. He, too, is attempting to restore fundamentals.

Both Falwell and the Pope, operating within different traditions, represent desirable tendencies. Neither, of course, is offering to repress us, let alone assassinate anyone. The Ayatollah would have had Mehmet Ali Agca stoned, drawn, and quartered. The first thing the Pope did when he met him was to forgive him.

The Bishops, Once More

WHAT THE American Catholic bishops are engaged in, to put it starkly, is the evisceration of their own moral and intellectual authority. They are also inflicting severe wounds on the credibility of their Church. They are squandering capital, to change metaphors, which they did not earn, and which has been accumulated over many centuries by much better men and women than they. [See also Tom Bethell, p. 23, and Wm. F. Buckley Jr., p. 54.]

In the draft version of the pastoral letter, which we have before us, the bishops assert that the distribution of wealth in American society is so unjust that it "violates this minimum standard of distributive justice." If words mean anything at all, you have to pay attention to that word "minimum." The bishops are saying that American society does not measure up to a "minimum" standard as regards the poor, despite the fact that America has done better in that respect than any other society in human history. If you take the bishops' language seriously, they are off-the-wall utopians, proposing "minimum" standards that no society has ever met.

What the bishops appear to recommend is more federal intervention, the "creation" of jobs, and so forth. But this ecclesiastical Mondaleism ignores an entire library of research and 25 years of social experience. Have these bishops never heard of Edward Banfield, Thomas Sowell, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and all the rest of the literature on the intractable aspects of the "culture of poverty"? Do these bishops not know that the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program has more or less wrecked the black family by subsidizing illegitimacy? Do the bishops not know that the minimum wage has increased black teenage unemployment? If the bishops know . . . do they even care?

The hard conclusion must be that they do not know and they do not care—the supposition being that you actually have to care in order to know.

Mexicos of the Prairie

THE FARM foreclosure has long served in popular literature as a sort of symbolic tableau of capitalist iniquity. The weather-beaten farm couple and their sobbing children, watching the ancestral homestead go on the auction block . . . the family flivver, packed high with household furniture and ready to drive off on a dust-blown road to nowhere . . . the cigar-smoking Banker and anonymous Eastern Interests waiting to collect the meager proceeds . . .

Not surprisingly, Hollywood has been unable to resist casting these picturesque events as moral dramas of good versus evil. Exactly fifty years ago, the result was the King Vidor classic, *Our Daily Bread*. This year it is *Country*, in which Jessica Lange plays a struggling farm wife.

GOLD PRICES
YOU MUST BE AN INCURABLE ROMANTIC TO CONTINUE REFERRING TO ME AS "PRECIOUS"
STOCK BROKER
Blaine
THE SPECTATOR
Blaine, *The Spectator* / Rothco

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It rather spoils the simple effect of these tableaux to question the accepted theory of their causes. But the truth is that the current high level of farm foreclosures has little to do with the System, or at least with those aspects of the system that are usually blamed.

For example, the bankers are often not much better off than the farmers, and every "non-performing" loan puts them closer to going out of business themselves. Nor is the explanation federal stinginess. Uncle Sam has budgeted $12 billion for farm programs in the coming year, a new record. (That is about twice as much as you would need to buy the gross national product of Bolivia.)

To judge by the current outcry over foreclosures—which, in some states and for farms growing some crops, are running at historically high levels—all this spending has apparently gone to waste. And perhaps it has. But budget cuts are not the problem. Indeed, the Federal Government contributed to the crisis by its vast overlending to farm borrowers during the Carter years.

This overlending made a high rate of default virtually inevitable when inflation came down under Reagan. Like Mexico, Argentina, and every other highly leveraged borrower, farmers were vulnerable to disinflation—which constitutes an argument not against bringing inflation down but against letting it get high in the first place.

Like Mexico, American farmers are also the target of demagogues and extremist movements hoping to capitalize on debtor discontent. Among the politicians are Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower and Iowa Senator-elect Tom Harkin, both of them with Institute for Policy Studies connections. Among the extremist groups are Rural America and the North American Farm Alliance on the far Left, the anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby (known to its critics as "Liberty Lobotomy") on the far Right, and the uncategorizable Larouchists in fever swamps all their own. It is likely, however, that the influence of these groups will be short-lived; the process of disinflation has mostly run its course, and more prosperous days on the farm probably lie ahead.

Cubas Everywhere

José Luis Llovio Menéndez is hardly a household name in the United States, but you can bet he has made a name for himself in Cuba. From 1966 to 1981, except for a brief stint in prison for reasons he's still not sure of, Llovio served the Castro regime, usually in the fields of either finance or culture. After years of disenchantment with Castro, Llovio fled in 1982, making him, according to U.S. Government officials, one of the highest-ranking members of the Cuban government ever to defect. Although he has been in the U.S. for almost one year, Llovio only recently met the press. Castro's American friends must fervently hope that he never meets the press again.

"Fidel hates totally the United States," Llovio told reporters. "He hates its institutions. He hates its policies. He hates everybody here." In his discussion of Central America, Llovio confirmed Castro's deep involvement in the region. He is certain, for example, that Castro is covertly bankrolling the guerrillas in El Salvador. Turning to the land of the Sandinistas, Llovio said Castro supplies weapons to Nicaragua, whence many of the weapons make their way into El Salvador. Llovio offered little hope for a negotiated settlement in El Salvador or anywhere else in the region. Castro and his henchmen don't want a settlement, he said; they want "to make a lot of Cubas everywhere. They want Nicaragua and El Salvador. After that Honduras and Guatemala, you can be sure."

Pro-Choice

If I were Walter Mondale,
  I know I'd rather be
Slow-simmered in a cauldron
  For cannibals at tea.
I'd rather, far, a snake pit
  Or be a 'gator's chow
Than face recriminations
  From all those girls at NOW.

W. H. von Dreele

Latin America Watch

Peace agreements between the Colombian government and guerrilla groups in that country appear to have collapsed. Moscow and Havana are pressing for the creation of a guerrilla army of upward of twenty thousand. The Soviet plan calls for the unification of the M-19 forces with the Communist Party of Colombia. The new "people's army" will be reinforced by two thousand "international brigades" from various South and Central American guerrilla groups. . . . A Cuban-backed group in Costa Rica calling itself the Central American People's Revolutionary Army has launched a wave of terrorism against that beleaguered democracy. The group has set off bombs in local banks and threatened to kidnap high-ranking officials. . . . The Honduran military squashed the guerrilla movement in Olancho last year, but another seems to have risen to take its place. The Morazanist Front seized a local radio station to denounce the Honduran alliance with the United States. Explosives planted by the Morazanists have been found at the airport at Tegucigalpa, at the central bank, and in local businesses. . . . The Tupac Amarus, the new terrorist

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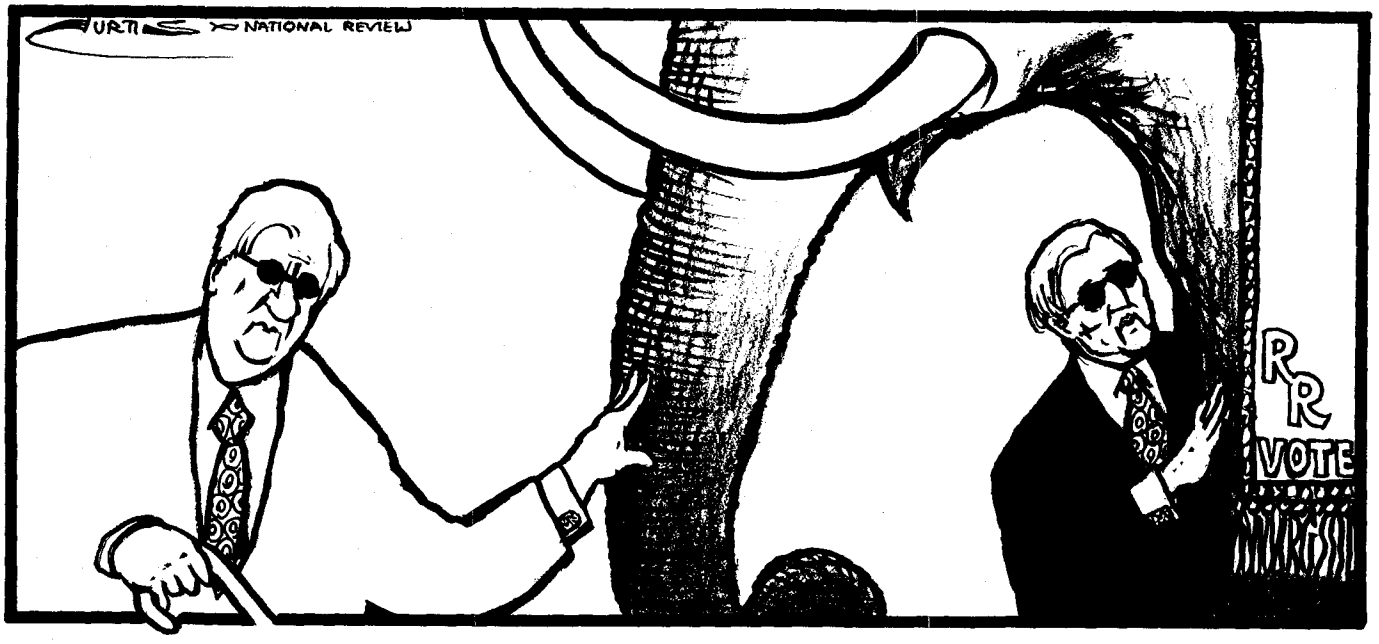

"It's certainly not a mandate!"

front in Peru that specializes in urban bombing, has received support from Jorge del Prado, leader of the pro-Moscow Peruvian Communist Party. Del Prado may be counting on Tupac Amarus support for his party's bid to win the 1985 presidential elections. . . . The Salvadoran rebel forces, FMLN, now have full-time ambassadors in twenty nations, including Angola, Ethiopia, and Algeria. They also have roving ambassadors to Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, East Germany, and Vietnam. . . . On the bright side, the Nicaraguan *Contras* have named a special unit after Jeane Kirkpatrick. The *Contras* lauded her "courage, decisiveness, and clear politics."

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Sir:

Sorry, will be leaving the conservative movement. Let me explain. But, first, I need to find the headquarters of the local Democratic Party, and this is proving difficult. Can't change sides if you can't find the guys.

The problem is: For more than 25 years I've been part of an elite minority. Now it's down the tubes; Reagan and conservative thought sweeps the nation. The change is far too great given my age, and I must seek refuge in the Democratic Party.

I need help: Where can I find the application forms?

Wm. A. Klein III
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Klein: Try Dead Letter Office, USPS. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Knowing of your interest in language, I thought you might be interested in the samples attached.

No comment is necessary—the samples speak for themselves—and speak—and speak—and speak—and speak—

Sincerely,
John G. Miles
President
Natural Resources Management Corporation
Eureka, Calif.

Commerce Business Daily

(A daily list of U.S. Government procurement invitations, contract awards, subcontracting leads, sales of surplus property, and foreign business opportunities.)

A—EFFECTS OF CONTEXTUAL FACTORS ON FERTILITY REGULATION AND ON FERTILITY. The Demographic and Behavioral Sciences Branch, Center for Population Research, National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, has a requirement and plans to issue a Request for Proposals (RFP) for performance of a project(s) to assess and propose methods of advancing research on the effects of contextual factors on fertility and fertility regulation. The major objectives of this project are to 1) define, operationalize, and quantify contextual factors which may affect fertility regulation and fertility; 2) develop one or more theoretical-conceptual frameworks for analyzing and explaining the effects that the interaction of various contextual factors with each other or with other factors may have on fertility and fertility regulation; 3) identify and locate relevant extant data sets, and indicate how they may be prepared for use; and 4) analyze one or more data sets when such analyses can be undertaken. Contextual factors may include so-

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cial, economic, political, cultural, service delivery system, physical environmental, and other configurations. Measures of these configurations may involve a number of variables which could be statistically aggregated. These variables interact with geographic entities such as neighborhoods, communities, suburbs, rural areas, cities, states, or nations, which vary with regard to contextual characteristics. It shall be necessary to identify and define such entities as well as to develop appropriate methods of characterizing them. . . . The behavioral social scientists should have experience which has developed the capabilities of the scientists to engage in such activities as designing the project; operationalizing, quantifying, and standardizing measures; developing statistical strategies and methodologies; evaluating data sets; and analyzing data sets. This is not a RFP. RFP No. NICHD-DBS-84-14 will be issued o/a September 1, 1984. Closing date November 30, 1984. . . .

H—HAITI: SHORT-TERM CONSULTANTS, AGRICULTURAL SECTORS ASSESSMENTS—A contract with an individual who will provide his/her personal services to assist USAID/HAITI in the design and implementation of an agricultural extension project with TIT increase the productivity of small Haitian farmers and thereby enhance household consumption. Specific duties will include: developing an inventory of the technological innovations potentially adaptable to the conditions of the farmers including a typology of Haiti's different categories of Peasant farming systems; inventory and explore the full range of non-formal education and message delivery systems now being developed and tested for use with rural Haitians as a result of information gathering and analyses; . . . monitor, critique, and advise USAID of the progress of the extension phases of an interim swine repopulation project, tree crop improvement project, and ongoing livestock projects; . . . assist in the development of a detailed agricultural extension broadcast agenda to be used as the basis for the design of USAIDOS Radio extension project and other duties as required. The selected individual must have 1) at least a graduate degree in rural sociology, 2) 5 years' experience working under similar projects in less developed countries, 3) a speaking-reading proficiency S-3, R-3 in Creole and S-2, R-2 in French as determined by the testing requirements of the Foreign Service Institute, Department of State or equivalent institution, 4) a sound background and experience in rural sociology, communications skills and methodology, knowledge of peasant life and problems of rural poor, basic agricultural systems of the tropics and hillside farming techniques, agricultural marketing and pricing systems, agricultural extensions in Haiti, PVO Operations in Haiti, farming systems research concepts and methodology and interpersonal communications and analytical skills. Individuals who meet the above qualifications and would like to be considered for the position should submit complete BIO-DATA, including past experience, references, salary history and proof of language testing and proficiency to above.

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: WAR

Subscribers in Hawaii and Alaska, who receive their copies of NATIONAL REVIEW in the ordinary way (i.e., via second-class mail), receive the magazine abnormally late because second-class mail goes by ship to those states.

There is nothing we can do about the postal regulations, let alone the iron laws of geography, but I think that our friends in Hawaii and Alaska ought to be advised that, for an additional $17.42 per year, they can receive their copies of NATIONAL REVIEW via first-class mail, which nowadays automatically means via airmail.

We will be glad to make the change, and the additional charge, for any such subscriber who requests first-class service.

☐ Creative Computing Magazine
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor:

The piece on Epson PX-8 by David H. Ahl (October 1984) was interesting and informative. But on one matter egregiously misleading. Wrote the reviewer, "Layout of the keys is perfectly standard with no keys in unexpected places." This is true if you don't count the colon, the plus sign, the asterisk, the parentheses, the underline bar, the equal sign, the quotation mark, and the apostrophe.

What got into our Far Eastern Ally to so pointlessly and convulsively confuse the orthodox American typist? Don't ask me. When I called Epson to ask why it was that the reconfiguration had been done, the gentleman at the other end of the line had been unaware of the eccentricities to which I drew his attention. And when I asked whether there was a Smartkey that could reimpose normalcy on the keyboard, the gentleman didn't know the answer to that one either. To tell you the absolute truth, he did not betray very much agitation over the whole thing. He acted rather as if I had called in to say, Did he know that I had 11 fingers, instead of the normal ten?

Why do people do things like that to the inoffensive public? What have I ever done to Epson, save to adore it? Perhaps I was in violation of the Commandment against making graven images, and the Lord chose Epson itself (a divine pun) as the instrument of his displeasure with me.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

—WFB

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WILL HE BLOW IT?

DESPITE THE JEJUNE post-election PR releases from the offices of Tip O'Neill and Tony Coelho, everyone in this city takes it for granted that Ronald Reagan's landslide was indeed a mandate in the sense that the American people approve his major programs and policies as well as his leadership. The mandate, conservatives like to believe, gives Mr. Reagan the chance to do today what FDR did in the Thirties, i.e., fashion a political revolution that will express itself for decades to come.

The gnawing doubt is whether the President can do it. First, there is his lame-duck status, which will soon be felt. Second, as the 1986 elections approach, Republicans in both chambers will be separating themselves from a leader who, in countering the burdensome deficit, wants to cut social spending and legislate controversial tax reform. Besides that, and more importantly, there is the fear of Administration burnout (made the more plausible by the fewness of Cabinet changes). Democrats will be saying, too, that the President has moved into semi-retirement, working only part-time. Put it all together and, it must ruefully be said, the unspoken consensus here is that Mr. Reagan is about to blow his mandate.

Notwithstanding, conservatives are still floating their ideas on how the mandate ought to be fleshed out. In foreign policy, the President should seek to wrest the Eastern European satellites out of the Russian orbit. "Reagan should invite Soviet-bloc leaders to come to Washington—Honecker [East Germany], Ceausescu [Rumania], Zhivkov [Bulgaria], Husak [Czechoslovakia], even Jaruzelski [Poland]," says a ranking Reaganite on Capitol Hill. "The Soviets are on the verge of becoming a perennially headless country and they have just had to put twenty thousand more troops into Afghanistan. Press the advantage while they're weak."

In the Middle East, the President must cool it until Israel gets a sensible leadership structure, not a rotational prime minister. "The most Reagan can do," says a Washington think-tank strategist, "is try to keep the Tel Aviv/Cairo relationship alive."

Reagan supporters want to see him stress Latin America, where his policies have done more to move people from authoritarian regimes to democratic rule than those of any other President in U.S. history. Examples include Argentina, Brazil (elections expected in 1985), Ecuador, Peru, Honduras, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Panama, and Guatemala. Can Reagan take credit for these nations' movement out of military domination into civilian orbit? "Sure he can," says a top Organization of American States insider. "Reagan didn't shove and push and threaten and embarrass the military juntas in those countries, galvanizing the opposition to their rule, making them take the attitude of 'Well, we're not going to let any goddamn meddling Yankee preach to us how we're going to govern.' "

As for the ASEAN nations (Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore, Thailand), Reagan should step up trade, since these areas show a sharper growth curve and a more buoyant economy than any other sector of the globe.

On the domestic side, mandate ideas are shaping up nicely. On the heels of his inauguration the President must march on Congress and, during the critical days of February, March, and April, present the Hill with a broad agenda of cuts in unnecessary welfare spending and fatty entitlements, like Civil Service retirement, a system way out of line with private-sector pensions, as well as revisions in Medicare and Social Security. "In social areas, Reagan should insist on legislation to ensure color- and gender-blindness in our laws," says a Justice Department official, "to get away from the idea that as an American you are entitled to government preference because of your sex or your race." Tough-minded defense appropriations to build up the Rapid Deployment Force as well as to guarantee the manufacture of the MX, B-1, and neutron and binary-chemical weaponry are also standard second-term mandate items.

THIS TALK about how to entrench a conservative mandate and specify it is all very edifying, but can Mr. Reagan carry it through? What is in question is the level of the President's energy, psychic perhaps more than physical. "To keep his revolution rolling against what lies ahead, to go over the top," says a White House Reaganite, "he'll have to get up early in the morning, work till late at night, think, plot, push, spend hours on the phone, carrying his message when only he can carry it. And he has to do this at 73 years of age."

What the President needs is a Reagan brain trust—an idea gaining currency here—which, in structure and operation, would resemble FDR's New Deal brain trust, and would push the Reagan philosophical agenda hard and strong, as well as stimulate a climate of thought and action to keep the Gipper on his toes. (Is there any substitute for ideas?) Candidates for the trust might include, as one hears it, George Gilder, Irving Kristol, Thomas Sowell, Judge Richard Posner (Chicago Circuit), W. Glenn Campbell (Hoover Institution), Jeane Kirkpatrick, William Clark, Ed Meese, Donald Regan, Arthur Laffer, Jude Wanniski, Newt Gingrich, and Gingrich's current nemesis, David Stockman.

How ironic if, while positioned to become the leader of the Western world—Nakasone and Mulroney and Mrs. Thatcher and even Mitterrand all emulate him—Mr. Reagan were to lose that chance abroad for having failed his own mandate at home. □

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PROPHECY AT THE HILTON

I MADE MY WAY to the capitalist Hilton, a couple of blocks from the White House. The U.S. Catholic bishops were holding their annual meeting, and this afternoon there would be a press conference on their (first-draft) pastoral letter on the U.S. economy—Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee presiding.

It was a familiar sight: five black-suited bishops on the dais; a faithful media flock, numbering perhaps a hundred; a forest of camera-sprouting tripods; cables taped to capitalist carpets; plastic labels and megawatt studio brightness for all combatants; free coffee and press kits; and in a quiet corner of the room, scrutinizing the proceedings, the foxy little figure of the Reverend J. Bryan Hehir, prime mover of last year's "peace" pastoral, and one of the leading leftists in the bishops' pastoral-writing bureaucracy.

The Federal Room was decorated with chandeliers and gilt-embossed wallpaper; a nice setting for prophecy. Everyone knew that this was to be a prophetic afternoon. The code word implies that you can now be anti-American, but as long as you call yourself prophetic you can look in Mr. Hilton's guilt-edged mirrors and see therein reflected . . . Isaiah and Jeremiah (castigating the Powers That Be). Representative Henry Hyde has referred to today's "prophet motive."

Archbishop Weakland came to the microphone and read his indictment. "Social justice demands that [human] dignity find its fulfillment in solidarity with others. [Translation: Socialism demands collectivism.] The document calls for a stronger sense of solidarity in our nation and on this globe. . . . We call for more collaborative models. . . . We find it a disgrace that 35 million Americans now live below the poverty level."

For the most part the letter is economically illiterate—but then so are many economists. The bishops unreflectively take moral credit for good intentions, as no doubt did Lenin. Unemployment is bad. "Economic life" should be "*for* people." (Not against, mind.) Government should "assume a positive role in the generation of employment." (By staying out of the job market? No, by getting into it.) Unions are good and should be strengthened. No one may "coercively suppress" them without "attacking human dignity." With unintentional grammatical irony, the bishops urge that no one should "prevent workers from organizing through intimidation and threats." That's right, worker-organizing *is* a matter of intimidation and threats, but the bishops want more of it. Where unions are strongest, unemployment is highest. Union activity is mostly directed against (non-union) employees, not employers.

But it is the pervasive *moral* delinquency that really clouds the letter. Indeed, moral blindness precludes economic wisdom: "The distribution of income and wealth in the United States is so inequitable that it violates this minimum standard of distributive justice." This is an appeal to envy—one of the seven deadlies. In the absence of any demonstration, or claim, that the prosperity of one impoverishes another, the good Christian should rejoice, not rebel, at the good fortune of others. But such joyous sentiments are very far from our spiritually impoverished pastoral writers. "Distributive justice" is a phrase taken from modern socialism, not the Bible.

Jesus Christ preached the renunciation of wealth, not the expropriation of it. It is hard to see who is being moral when the property of one is forcibly seized, and some residue of that property handed to another. Coercion precludes compassion. It assumes the worst—people are not Christian enough to take care of their less fortunate neighbors voluntarily. So they must be subjected to state coercion.

The bishops go to some length to disguise their advocacy of force. In an opaque section, titled "Collaborating to Shape the Economy," the words *collaboration* and *cooperation* really mean *submission*. "In an advanced industrial society like ours," they write, "all actors of society, including government, must actively and positively cooperate in forming national economic policies. Taxation, monetary policy, high levels of government spending, and a variety of forms of governmental regulation are here to stay." Notice the moral confusion in *enjoining* us to cooperate. It is a disguised appeal for submission to government force.

Equal before God

WHAT IS objectionable and un-Christian here is the overall tone of sullen resentment toward the most productive, the most democratic, the most generous-spirited, and yes, the most egalitarian nation on earth. It is egalitarian because its prosperity depends on the equal protection of the weak and the strong that forms the basis of property rights. These rights in turn cannot emerge without the Christian belief that all are equal in the sight of God.

Archbishop Weakland and his colleagues understood, nonetheless, that if only they were "brave" enough to bite the hand that feeds them daily, the news media would deliver an ovation. And in that they weren't mistaken. After the last friendly question from the audience (no adversary press here), the assembled press corps gave Weakland a Ferraro-style round of applause. And later on, the prophetic bishops held a cocktail party for their media admirers.

The Catholic Church has long been criticized for maintaining a cozy relationship with the Powers That Be. The point is that nothing seems to have changed. □

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FOCUS ON THE ASSASSINS

THE ITALIANS, so often criticized for a tendency toward political anarchy, deserve high praise indeed for their recent performance in two key domains: the emasculation of the Red Brigades terrorists; and the probity and independence of the judiciary, as demonstrated yet again by Judge Ilario Martella, the man investigating the plot to assassinate Pope John Paul II.

There is in fact a clear though little-known link between the two. That link is the heroin traffic through Soviet-controlled Bulgaria. Toward the end of 1982, Judge Martella's colleague, the magistrate Carlo Palermo, made important revelations, in a judicial inquiry conducted in Trent, about the gigantic arms and drug traffic from Bulgaria into Italy.

Briefly, it was the heroin traffic that enabled the *Brigate Rosse* to buy arms from criminal organizations—the Mafia in Sicily and the Camorra in Naples. These revelations were of course highly embarrassing to the Bulgarians and to their Soviet taskmasters, and (judging by results) a decision was clearly taken in Moscow, and thence in Sofia, to go easy on aid to the Brigades. Thereupon, the Mafia decided to stop providing arms for the terrorists and to buy supplies of heroin directly from the Bulgarian agents.

This decision was certainly the main cause of the spectacular collapse of the Brigades. Incidentally, and not by coincidence, there was at that time an equally spectacular increase in purely criminal, as distinct from "political," kidnappings, with the object of increasing the purchasing power of organized crime.

Let us, however, return to Judge Martella. Patient and impervious to outside criticism, the judge has pursued his one and only objective in the matter of the plot to murder John Paul II, namely the truth. The inquiry he conducted was resumed in November 1982 when the Turkish terrorist who fired the shots that gravely wounded the Pope, Mehmet Ali Agca, decided to break his self-imposed silence and talk. A partial text of Judge Martella's enormous report, running to 1,234 pages, was released in Rome this October.

The prime suspect is Sergei Ivan Antonov—a former employee in the Rome office of the Bulgarian airline —who is now under indictment. Five other Bulgarians were also indicted, as well as a second Turkish terrorist, Bekir Celenk, who is believed to have taken refuge in Bulgaria. In fact, the hapless Antonov was the one who didn't manage to get away. His wife, along with other accused Bulgarians, made it to Sofia.

Long before Judge Martella had completed his inquiries, the evidence of Bulgarian involvement in the plot was overwhelming. Two American investigators—a former National Security Council staffer named Paul Henze and the journalist Claire Sterling, who has long covered the Italian scene—had written well-researched books about it. Mrs. Sterling, in particular, had gathered a mass of convincing evidence, published in her book *The Time of the Assassins* (Holt, Rinehart, 1984).

The astonishing point, all along, has been the reluctance of Western governments and agencies, in particular the CIA, to face the evidence of Bulgarian, and therefore Soviet, involvement. The Western media, by and large, were competitive in this domain, especially in the United States.

To hint at Soviet involvement, it seems, made one a "McCarthyite"—a designation that will stir memories in this magazine. In her book, Claire Sterling recounts that "a self-righteous young Washington reporter," on hearing her evidence, declared: "Even if it was true, you shouldn't have published it." Reporters who were prepared to give instant credence to the notion that the CIA plotted to kill Fidel Castro rejected as unthinkable the proposition that the KGB plotted to kill the Pope.

Such devotion to the cause of our enemies (and theirs) is touching. But whence the CIA's reluctance, especially bearing in mind that the KGB has spent a good deal of its valuable time doing what you would expect and trying to blame the CIA for the plot to kill the Pope?

For instance, a Soviet writer named Andronov wrote a series of articles to this end for the Moscow *Literary Gazette*, a summarized version of which was picked up, to nobody's surprise, in the German news magazine *Der Spiegel*. The only other thing of note about this exercise is that Andronov is a known KGB hack.

The Soviet Connection

I HAVE TRIED to rationalize Western official attitudes in the light of two possible considerations: the potential damage to U.S.-Soviet relations and (marginally more convincing) the risk of an explosion of popular feeling in Poland. The latter would have applied particularly at an early stage of the proceedings, when Agca was still refusing to give evidence.

As time passes and the evidence mounts, American and Allied reticence increasingly loses credibility. A plot to remove a Polish Pope with reasons of his own to detest Communism does carry special emotional overtones. But as crimes go, it is in line with the Soviet tradition of selective violence, all the way down to the mass violence against the downed Korean airliner.

And let nobody doubt that if the Bulgarian connection is proved, so too is the Soviet one. The Soviets created the Bulgarian secret police and closely control it. Moreover, there is no discernible Bulgarian motive for killing the Pope; whereas the Soviet motives are strong and specific. □

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THE MEXICO CITY CONFERENCE / JAMES L. BUCKLEY

THE INTERNATIONAL Conference on Population in Mexico City last August operated on two quite different planes, each with its own agenda and dynamics. The first involved substantive matters, all in one way or another broadly related to the twin subjects of population and economic-development policies and their interrelationship. The second was purely political.

In theory, conferences sponsored by specialized agencies of the UN are supposed to deal with problems of universal concern, problems that transcend politics. But in practice, as with the Mexico City conference, they tend to have a second, unstated agenda forced upon them by the Soviet Union and various Third World factions in pursuit of highly political and often inflammatory objectives.

At the substantive level, the United States accomplished far more in Mexico than anyone had a right to expect, especially in light of the near hysteria with which the press and birth-control advocates greeted the official U.S. population policy statement. On the eve of the conference, Robert McNamara assured a national NBC audience that the American delegation would be laughed out of Mexico City. Instead, we emerged with some significant achievements.

As the result of our initiatives, the report adopted by the conference reaffirmed the right of parents to determine the size of their own families, condemned the use of coercion to achieve state-defined population objectives, acknowledged that government is not the sole agency for the achievement of social objectives, and adopted a balanced presentation of the progress made by the developing world in advancing individual well-being and reducing birth rates. Also, given the intensity of the attacks on the U.S. position on abortion ("The United States does not consider abortion an acceptable element of family-planning programs"), we took considerable satisfaction from the adoption, by consensus of the conference, of an almost identical position; namely, that abortion "in no case should be promoted as a method of family planning."

Where we did not succeed was in securing an explicit endorsement of the American proposition that the best way for developing nations to achieve the twin objectives of economic advancement and population stability would be through the adoption of freer, more market-oriented economic policies, as an alternative to the rigid, centralized controls that have stultified the economies of so many countries of the developing world. To have succeeded would have required that a significant number of delegations acknowledge the responsibility of their own governments for much of the misery experienced by their people.

Nevertheless, raising the issue of economic policy enabled us to cite the compelling historical linkage between rising income and declining birth rates, and to draw on the examples of such developing countries as Singapore, South Korea, Colombia, and Botswana to demonstrate the linkage between economic freedom and economic growth. And we were not laughed out of town for having made the attempt.

As the UN Fund for Population Activities itself acknowledges, it has been clear for a long time that family-planning campaigns are largely ineffectual in producing a low rate of population growth. The UNFPA also observes: "While family-planning programs . . . will help couples to have the number of children they wish, other economic and social factors lie behind their ideas of desired family size." On the record, income level is the most important of those factors.

Nor did our advocacy of freer economies make us pariahs. Too many statist nations tacitly acknowledge the need for change. A Kenyan journalist admitted, in a *Newsweek* article critical of the U.S. position, that many African countries "that opted for socialist systems soon after independence are now gradually shifting their economic policies toward free enterprise." Perhaps it was for that reason that we were able to insinuate the revolutionary phrase "entrepreneurial initiatives" into a UN document as having some relevance to economic growth; admittedly, with the qualifier "where appropriate."

We were also able, through the mobilization of statistics, to pierce the Malthusian gloom with which so many wanted the proceedings to be wrapped. We were able to demonstrate, for example, that over the last thirty years, birth rates in the developing world have fallen more than halfway toward the goal of population stability; that human life expectancy has dramatically increased; that caloric intake has improved, literacy soared, disease diminished, and per-capita income grown substantially. At the same time

Mr. Buckley was chief of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Conference on Population held in Mexico City last summer. He is currently president of Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty, in Munich.

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Perhaps no American Administration has been more skeptical of the ultimate value of the United Nations; yet none in recent years has taken it more seriously. In fact, the United States may be the only Western nation to do so

we focused attention on those nations—particularly in sub-Saharan Africa and portions of the Indian subcontinent—that have not shared in this progress and therefore require particular attention. Although these tender rays of sunshine were not universally welcomed, they did help to illuminate the true dimensions of the problems that remain to be resolved, and to place them in the unhysterical perspective that is essential to intelligent analysis.

In retrospect, this is not a bad track record for what the American press almost unanimously predicted would be an American disaster. And I believe we could have accomplished even more had the conference's second, unofficial agenda, namely, the political agenda, not pre-empted so much of the time and energies of our delegates.

The political agenda consisted of two extraneous proposals. The first was sponsored by the Soviet Union. In essence, it would have committed the conference to the proposition that no progress was possible in dealing with economic and population matters unless and until arms were dismantled, the threat of nuclear devastation eliminated, and the West's investment in armaments redirected toward the production of plowshares. The second proposal was introduced by a group of Arab countries. It contained the statement that "the establishment of settlements in territories occupied by force is illegal and condemned by the international community." Although no names were mentioned, it was clear from the proposal's history and sponsorship that it was aimed not at Soviet settlements in the occupied Kuriles, nor at the Vietnamese colonization of Cambodia, but at Israeli settlements on the West Bank.

We did our best to eliminate these wholly irrelevant matters because, if allowed to stand, they would feed the cancer that is making it increasingly difficult for serious people to conduct a rational discussion of important matters at any forum sponsored by a UN agency. Working with a number of other delegations that shared our concern, we were ultimately able to neutralize the Soviet thrust, but we failed on the issue of settlements. Israel has far fewer friends within the United Nations than the Soviet Union does, and it has none of the latter's leverage.

This, of course, is precisely the kind of political corruption that caused the United States to notify UNESCO, earlier this year, of its intention to withdraw; the kind of corruption that the Reagan Administration has been fighting throughout the UN system these past four years.

The solicitude on the part of the Reagan Administration for the well-being of the United Nations seems ironic, to say the least. Perhaps no American Administration has been more skeptical of the ultimate value of the United Nations; yet none in recent years has taken it more seriously. In fact, today, the United States may be the only Western nation to do so.

Unlike our sophisticated European brethren, we no longer treat the excesses and presumptions of UN resolutions as "mere words" giving developing countries a chance to blow off steam, words that have no meaning in the real world. On the contrary, we believe that if left unchallenged, Third World formulations, repeated often enough, will achieve a cumulative effect that can undermine our fundamental interests and erode traditional concepts of international law.

In private meetings with other Western delegations we hammered away at the point that unless a stop were put to the practice of converting every international conference into an ideological battlefield, the United Nations would soon lose any utility as a forum for the discussion and settlement of problems that clearly lay outside the realm of politics. We generally met with strong support on the matter of principle and with simultaneous explanations as to why it would be either inconvenient or impossible for a particular Western nation to draw the necessary line at that particular time.

This is a typical example of the differences in perspective within the Atlantic Alliance, which often take Americans by surprise. When an American meets a European counterpart at an international conference, he is apt to find the experience marvelously seductive. European professionals tend to be intelligent and urbane; we and they speak the same intellectual language and share the same values. But any time the conversation goes much beneath the surface, the fundamental differences that distinguish the American experience from the European emerge. By and large, America has retained a sense of purpose, self-confidence, and hope. Beneath the European surface, however, one can detect tired societies unable or unwilling to think through to ultimate consequences, societies for which there are few causes to justify the risk of confrontation.

Looking around the room at a meeting attended by delegates from several Western nations, I thought about the latent political and economic power represented there. As I listened to the rationalizations, I concluded that the problem with the United Nations lies not with Third World countries (which can hardly be blamed for exerting bloc leverage so long as they can get away with it), nor with the ability of the Soviet bloc to exploit tensions, hopes, and resentments. The problem lies with the West.

If the half-dozen countries that provide more than half the UN's total revenues chose to do so, they could put an end to the sort of abuse we were then witnessing. All that is required to achieve reform is for the major Western nations to announce that henceforward they will withdraw from any UN conference that allows politically divisive, non-germane business to be placed on the agenda; and, then, to demonstrate that they mean it.

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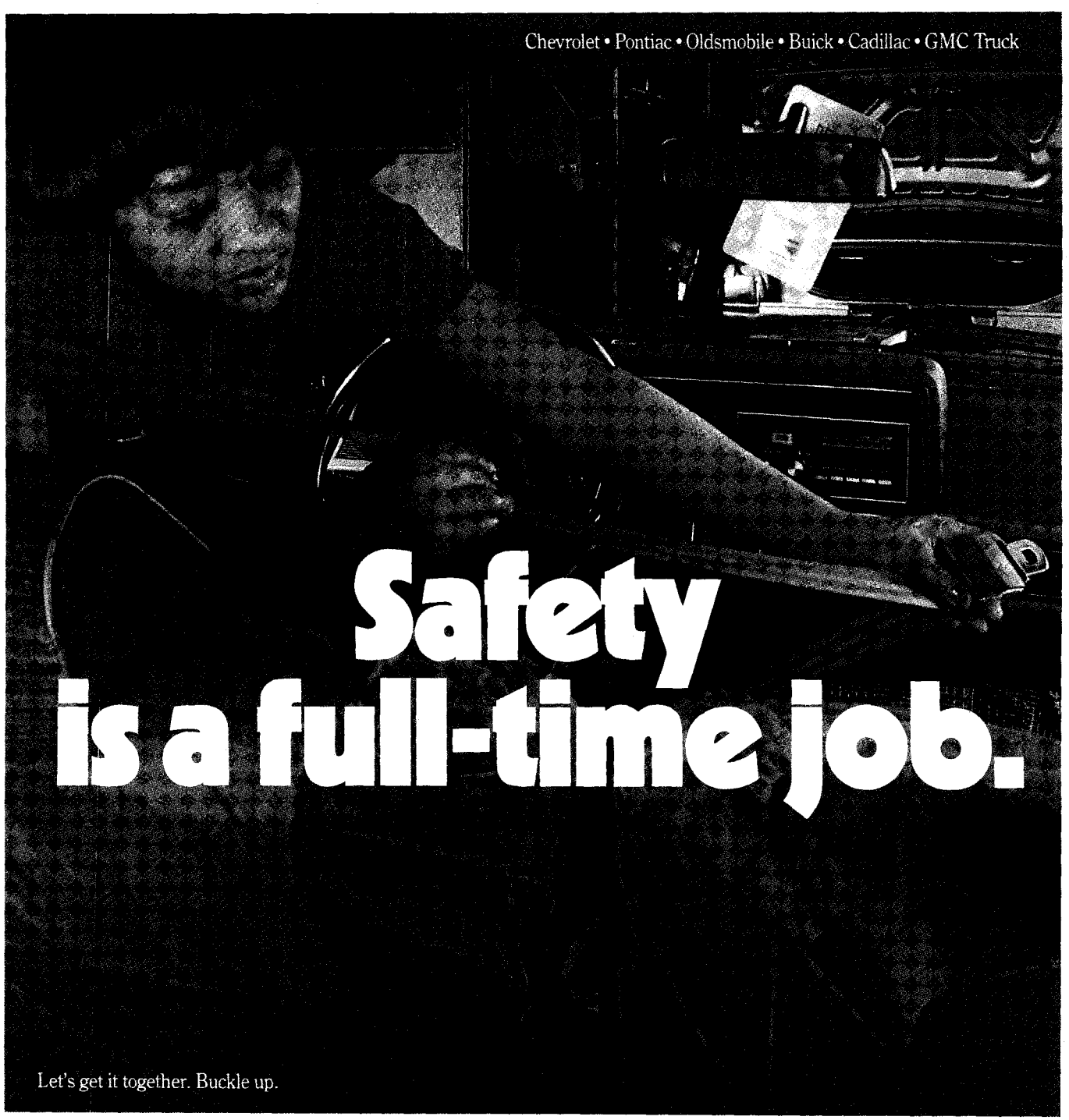

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The time may soon come for the United States to face the ultimate option; and that is: to acknowledge the UN's failure, pronounce over it the sad eulogies appropriate to lost causes, and give it a quiet burial

The compulsion to politicize is by no means the only problem undermining the UN system, although it is the most easily corrected. Others are embedded in the Charter itself, hence far more difficult to correct. The structural problems range from the UN's voting rules to its mandate to promote human rights and fundamental freedoms. The former, in which each sovereignty is accorded an equal vote despite the vast disparities among them, encourages irresponsibility and cynicism, which too often serve to heighten tensions rather than dissipate them. The latter requires the UN to square the circle in vain attempts to find common ground between the free and Communist worlds on such matters as democracy and the freedoms to speak, worship, and assemble. The result too often is a resort to Orwellian newspeak that debases the very rights and freedoms the UN is supposed to champion.

These and other flaws will not be corrected by the spontaneous action of the member states that have learned to turn them to their advantage. The initiative can only come from the West; only the West has the power to compel a fundamental re-examination of the UN's structure, mission, and practices.

But if the will isn't there, if the West is not in fact ready to take the UN seriously and save it from its own suicidal tendencies, then the time may soon come for the United States to face the ultimate option; and that is: to acknowledge the UN's failure, pronounce over it the sad eulogies appropriate to lost causes, and give it a quiet burial.

Because one thing is clear: If allowed to continue on its current course, the UN will become a forum not for the analysis and resolution of technical problems, but for endless political warfare; an advocate not of basic human rights, but of their subordination to the superior rights claimed by the majority of member states; an instrument not for peace, but for aggravating tensions. □

The Ultimate Challenge?

Among the death-defying feats of my friend Daredevil Littlefinger, he has driven 15 miles per hour in the fast lane of the Pasadena Freeway, swum the Hellespont right after an eight-course dinner, and rowed the Atlantic in a bedpan with two tongue blades.

So my heart was in my mouth when he picked me up the other evening in his recalled Roar-Fire 8. (He had, of course, contemptuously ignored the recall.) What a dashing figure he cut as he adjusted his leather flying helmet, nonchalantly tossed his seatbelt back over his shoulder, and jumped the first red light.

"What mad adventure are you up to next, Daredevil?" I asked nervously. "Tearing up your 1040? Crossing the nation by Amtrak?"

"Kid stuff," he said disdainfully. "This time I have found the ultimate challenge, the supreme test of courage, the final defiance of humdrum social convention."

"What, Daredevil? Smoking cigarettes?"

Flashing his devil-may-care smile, he murmured, "Going into a supermarket without my checkbook and with less than $100 in my pocket."

"Daredevil!" I cried in horror. "This time you're going too far."

He gave me a supercilious look. "I have faced death too many times, old boy," he said, "to be frightened by the Grim Cash Register."

"But why, Daredevil? Why?"

"Because," he said with his characteristic insouciance, his grey eyes looking beyond me to some distant horizon few men are privileged to see, "it is there."

Good Lord, I thought. Falling off Mount Everest must have addled his brain.

As news spread of his plans for such a foolhardy stunt, women's eyes dampened and strong men blanched. And when the announced time—high noon—arrived for his grand entrance into the supermarket, an awed crowd was outside the door.

"Good Lord, Daredevil," I said, gazing at his jodhpurs, white silk scarf, and leather flying helmet, "are you actually going through with this?"

His eyes blazed. "After I climbed Mount Everest with only an Abominable Snowman as my guide, I, like Alexander, thought there were no new worlds to conquer—until now."

"That's incredible," I said. "Don't you even want a blindfold?"

He looked at me with disdain. "Just a last cigarette will do."

The crowd waited in respectful silence while Daredevil finished his last cigarette. Then, his stride steady, his head up, and with only $99 in his pocket, he went into the supermarket.

By the time you read this, you will undoubtedly have seen Littlefinger on the evening news and on the cover of *Time*. And rightly so. For his feat is an inspiration to us all, evidence that the spirit of derring-do which made this country great is not dead.

May the rest of us Americans find the courage to follow in Daredevil Littlefinger's footsteps. You first.

—John Keefauver

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"If the tag on your clothes says VISA®, you know it's a great performer."

—Barbara Mandrell

Wash it! Wear it! Love it!

VISA† fabric by Milliken is a unique performance fabric that cares for itself and you. Just pop it in the wash and it comes back fresh, clean and color-bright. And it keeps on performing beautifully for the lifetime of the garment. It's no wonder that for men, women and children, VISA is America's Freedom Fabric. Now everyone can enjoy great VISA freedoms like these:

Freedom from lasting stains

Unlike other fabrics that may lock in dirt, VISA is made to release stubborn, oily stains in the wash, so you get a clean start every time.

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Some fabrics actually pick up dirt from the wash water. But not VISA. VISA colors beam their brightest, whites stay their whitest.

Freedom to be comfortable

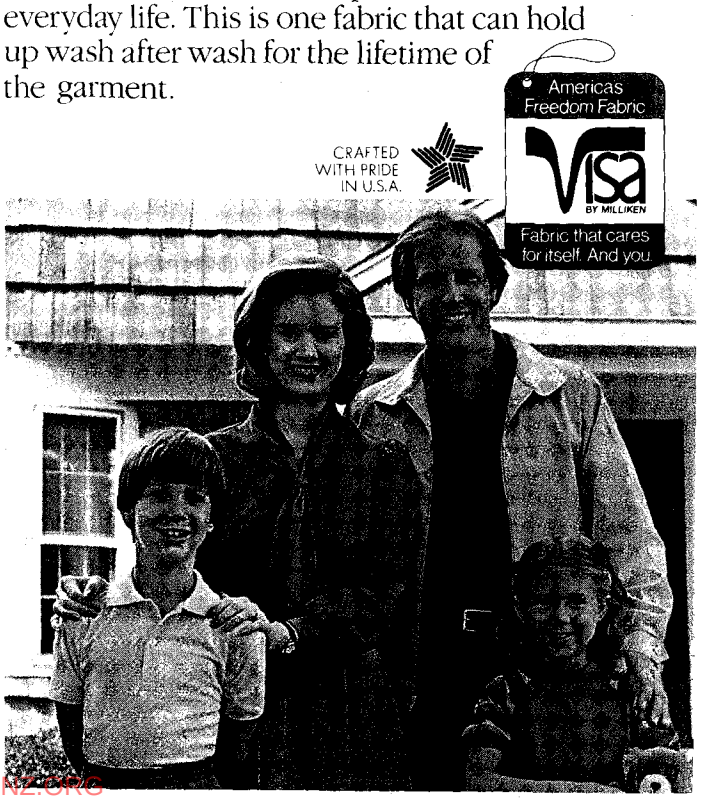
Even in hot, humid weather, VISA won't trap moisture, so you won't feel sticky or damp. Instead, VISA keeps you cool and comfortable.

Freedom from odors

Some fabrics trap odors, never smell fresh. But VISA releases odors as well as stains. Clothes wash out clean and fresh as can be.

Freedom from care

Happily, VISA can take the punishment of everyday life. This is one fabric that can hold up wash after wash for the lifetime of the garment.



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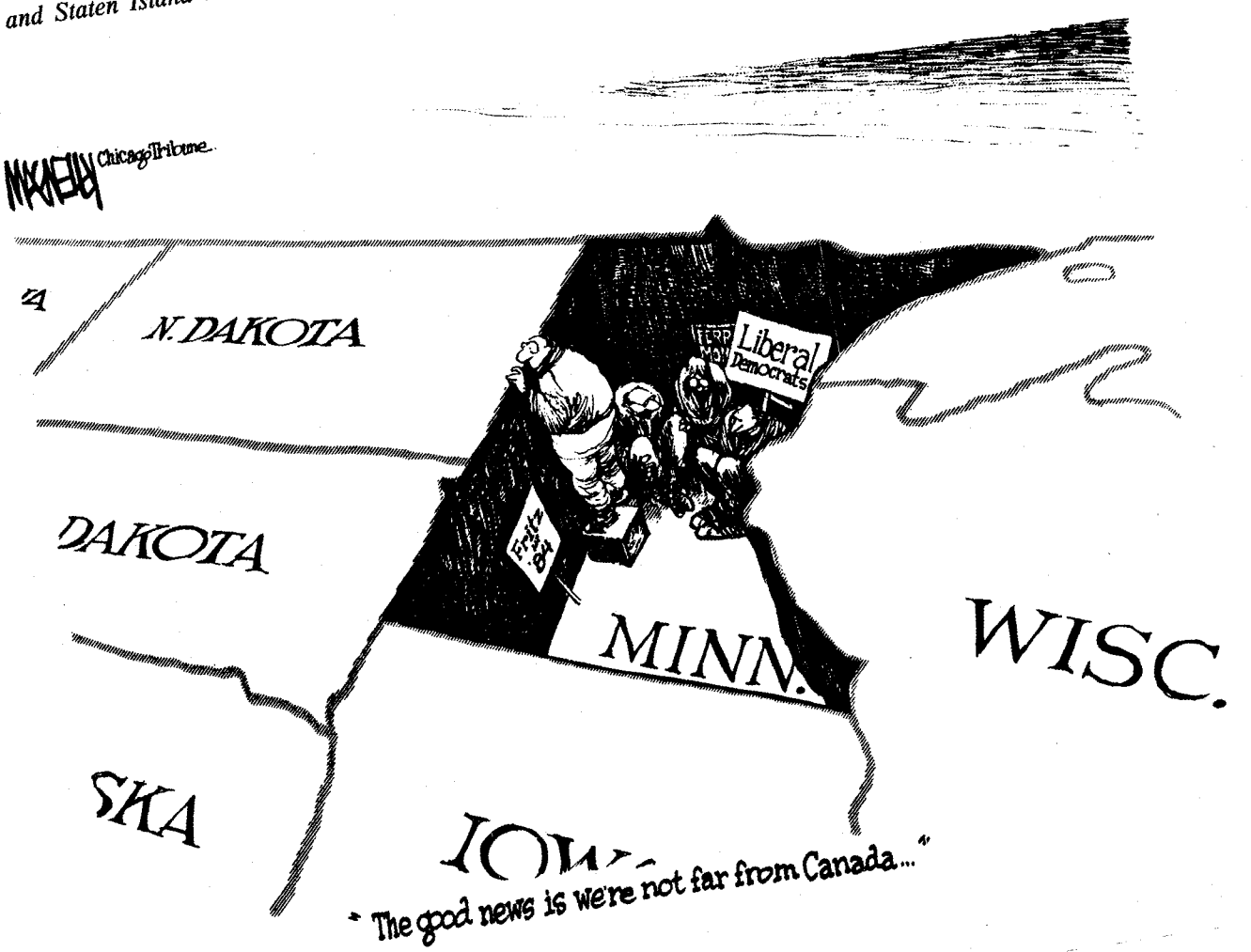
hel!!!

Martin, *Punch*/Rothco

"Good! We'll take Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island too!"

"Hi, sports fans! Welcome to another football season!"



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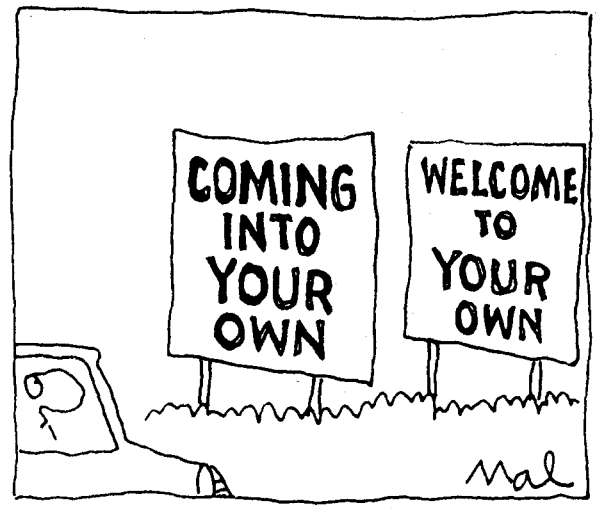
The Nightly News

They're mugging on Manhattan isle
  And bombing in Beirut;
Belfast today was peaceful while
  They searched for folks to shoot.

There's DDT in kaiser rolls
  And EDBs in tea.
Khomeini's leading in the polls;
  New Hampshire has VD.

Fake preachers conned an old folks' home,
  And thugs beat up a nun;
Six Russian warships docked at Nome—
  So who said life was fun?

MILES DAVID MOORE



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ONE YEAR LATER / GEOFFREY WAGNER

ARE WE LOSING GRENADA AGAIN?

A YEAR to the day after I had seen U.S. Tomcats whirl down the Point Salines peninsula, I watched the first commercial planes land on the runway originally rolled out by Cubans, where Colonel Hagler dropped his Rangers to rescue our island. At the ceremonies that completed what President Reagan had started, with a blessing by Monsignor Cyril Lamontagne and a hearty rendition of "Now Thank We All Our God," I asked myself what had happened in the year gone by. I was again touched by the American lives given on our behalf and happy that a permanent memorial to those men, most of them from the 82nd Airborne, is to be created on the campus of the St. George's University School of Medicine. Alas, however, my question had to be answered mainly by what has *not* been done since the intervention.

First, the self-styled Vanguard Leninists who killed Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, his pregnant mistress, and most of his ministers have not been brought to book. The so-called Coardites, the faction led by Deputy Prime Minister Bernard Coard and his Jamaican wife, have contrived from their prison cells, even without the offered assistance of Ramsey Clark, so to delay proceedings that nothing has happened to them by way of justice. Gruesome stories of the savagery on October 19, 1983, abound, some mothers claiming that their wounded children were taken from their hospital beds and buried alive to quash evidence of the massacre. The protection of the accused (after an initial assault as they entered a courtroom) has been such that even with a pass I had to go through six checkpoints to get into the original court of inquiry appointed by the governor-general. The present procrastination is such that the Grenada High Court is being challenged to prove itself the Grenada High Court. I hardly have to emphasize how frustrating this delay seems to West Indians.

Second, it is assumed that Grenada is enjoying a cornucopia of U.S. aid. A typical State Department release before me proclaims that all is well in this best of all possible worlds: "As soon as the fighting ceased, the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) began to ferry emergency supplies by air, including generators, water tanks, medicine, food, and infant supplies valued at $475,000." As those first commercial carriers touched down one year after the intervention, Point Salines had no piped water (what it had was brought in by old Cuban trucks); it was lucky to get six hours of electricity a day, with Radio Grenada only operating intermittently as a consequence; the East German telephones are a joke, the roads absurd.

From beyond the Grave

THE STAFFS of these services were Bishop appointees whom the timorous interim government has not deposed; indeed, the head of the Central Water Commission was a power in the overthrown Ministry of Defense. In a speech to his New Jewel initiates on September 13, 1982, Bishop gloated: "We must assume total control of all public utilities—electricity, telephone, water, National Transport Service. And here again, as comrades know, we already in fact control those four." He controls them still from the grave, and his holdover functionaries have an interest in making American aid look inferior to Cuban aid (water overflowed my now dry tanks under the earlier dispensation). Nor does the attitude of the Idaho firm of Morrison-Knudsen, which has taken on the task of completing the white-elephant airport, help much either. These hard-hats seem to consider us a bunch of clods. So in almost every way *except politically* we are worse off today than a year ago. Goods are scarcer, life more difficult.

Admirable in intention as the U.S. AID program may be, it has had as little impact here as President Reagan's Caribbean Basin Initiative of 1982. Is Grenada to follow the Jamaican model? Only four years ago Edward Seaga won 51 out of sixty seats in the Jamaican parliament. Today Ian Williams of the London *Times* believes that Michael Manley could easily win Jamaica back.

Red Triangle

NEXT, THE Soviet Union looks as strong as ever in the region. True, Castro suffered a certain humiliation, but Moscow may not have minded that, and today its planned triangle over the oil lanes is not only back in place, but more menacing than ever. Guyana and Surinam now supply the legs of this red triangle, thus extending Soviet combat ranges into the Atlantic. In March 1983 Guyana assured Cuba and Russia of its continuing "socialist policies" and invited Cuban military to help train its army of more than six thousand. Arms arrive at a steady clip from North Korea, while no fewer than 11 airfields (the shortest landing strip is 6,500 feet long) are under construction, chiefly by Cubans, in the Essequibo area. With Guyana's economy on its last legs, its currency hemorrhaging, and its crime rate the highest per capita in the world, President-for-life Forbes Burnham, the man who leaked the news of the Grenadian intervention to Castro, is a desperate figure daily becoming more of a Soviet puppet.

In Surinam Colonel Desi Bouterse has conducted three bloodbaths of opponents. After the first, which followed

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a visit by Bishop, TASS expressed gratitude to "the young progressively minded military who overthrew the corrupt colonial regime and led the country onto the road of democratic transformations in the interest of the broad mass of the people." Anyone still awake after that sort of prose notes that the expulsion of a hundred Cubans after this incident seems to have been a feint to mollify Washington, with the Soviet ambassador, a senior KGB officer, remaining firmly in place in Paramaribo.

Finally, Nicaragua, at the apex of this bloody triangle, with its vast arms superiority over its neighbors, is hospitable to every form of anti-democratic subversion.

Still, Grenada enjoys freedom. The usurping Cubans have been seen off, their creatures detained on murder charges. However uneasily, the island awaits elections in December, in which even the Maurice Bishop Patriotic Movement will be allowed to field a slate, though it is rumored the remaining hard-core Jewel elements have been told to vote for erstwhile Prime Minister Eric Gairy, in order to discomfit the Americans and make a new coup, or, in the jargon, a Vanguard Leninist praxis, more likely. A free press exists, chiefly thanks to the likable Leslie Pierre, who languished in prison for years under Bishop for having tried to bring out his *Grenadian Voice*. It now comes out weekly, sabotage of machinery permitting. An excellent USIS office has been established in St. George's, with a bank of videos and a wide selection of magazines (excluding *NR* but including *Ms.*). The bonanza of Jewel documents captured by the 82nd's 519th military intelligence battalion from a Cuban safe house opposite my own home has percolated into USIS bureaus but does not really reach Grenadians. [See "From Out of the Rubble," p. 35.] One such document signally has: It is Bishop's "Line of March" speech to his party membership on September 13, 1982. This shows a stunning cynicism and naked vision of Communist dictatorship from the first ("In the case of the Socialist State, the majority will crush, oppress, and repress the recalcitrant minority").

Finally, there has been throughout the past year a flood of writing on Grenada. So far four books have appeared on the intervention, the best being *Grenada: The Untold Story* by Gregory Sandford and Richard Vigilante, and the worst, *Grenada: Revolution, Invasion, and Aftermath* by Hugh O'Shaughnessy of the London *Observer*. The latter is not a book so much as a stick to beat President Reagan with. Filled with errors of fact, it claims that life under Jewel was rosy. It even quotes, with apparent approval, the Coardite who said of the revolution, "If the people won't accept it, the people will have to be made to accept it." That is what's known as people's power in Vanguard Leninist circles.

Left-Leaning Footnotes

FROM THE river of ink poured out on our behalf I have salvaged a gem. The Report of the American Bar Association (Section on International Law and Practice) runs to 75 pages firmly set against the intervention. With law-school nicety the ABA argues that the request for help from the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States (OECS) was invalid since it was not unanimous, the member state of Grenada being absent (although, further on, the report admits that our governor-general was incarcerated in his house at the time). There is a suggestion that General Hudson Austin's bully boys, having just murdered Bishop and his minions, might have been properly considered the de facto government because they had been able to impose a 96-hour curfew—thus making armed force the criterion for sovereignty. Are we to assume that General Austin was about to have made an appeal to the OECS for his own annihilation? In 117 footnotes, which threaten to drive the text off the page in their scholarly zeal, the ABA relies almost uniquely on left-wing journals, in particular the Trotskyist British *Guardian*, while note 24 derives its authority from one F. Castro in "*Gramma* (the English-language organ of the Cuban Communist Party)"! Our learned lawyers refer, of course, to *Granma* (*sic*) so named after Castro's boat out of Mexico, and it is certainly not in the English language in the original. Anything but.

So, watching those first commercial planes touch down on the Point Salines airstrip, I wondered whether it would become another bridge over the River Kwai, passing from one power to another. The coming elections should give a hint—true democracy or another praxis? □

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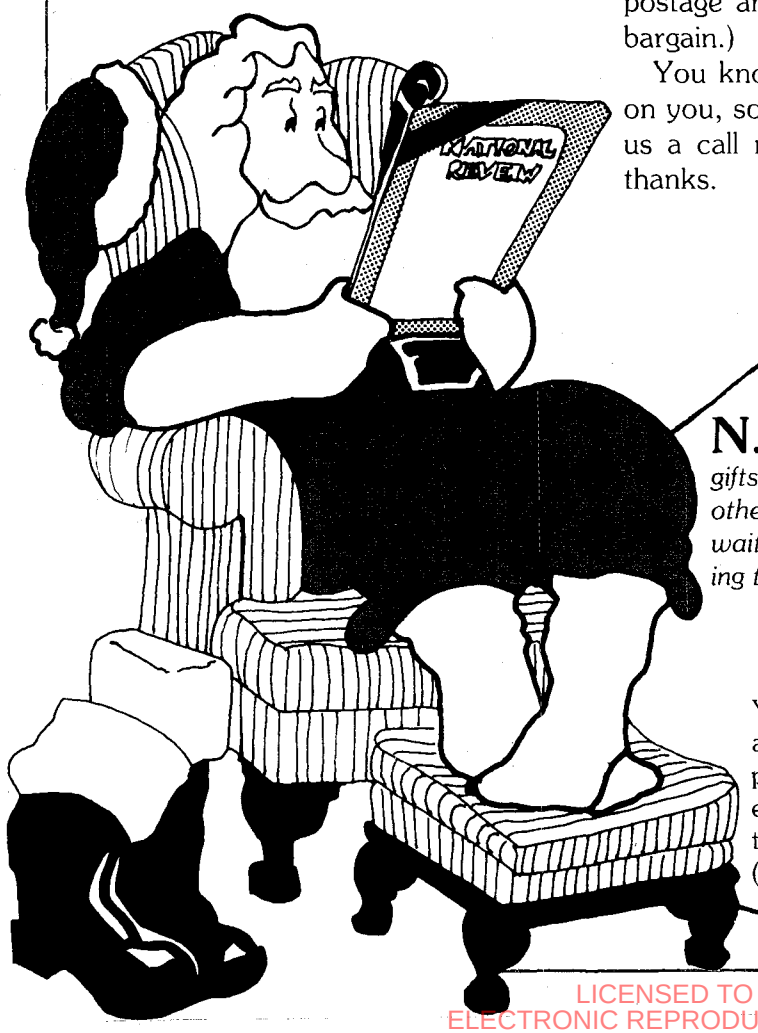

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FROM OUT OF THE RUBBLE

GRENADA'S MOST valuable export in 1983, and perhaps for all time, was paper. The reams of documents seized by U.S. forces just a year ago paint a remarkably rich picture of life in revolutionary Grenada, where the New Jewel Movement (NJM) wanted, in the words of its leader, Maurice Bishop, to "sink the ideas of Marxism-Leninism among the working class." Where those ideas did not sink of their own accord, which was among much of the population, these disciples of Lenin were—the documents reveal—ready with the cement overshoes of subversion and repression. In the end, Bishop was assassinated by party rivals who demanded "firmer Leninism" in dealing with the "low mood of the masses."

The documents also reveal that Grenada matched its narrowly repressive domestic policies with a foreign expansiveness that made it the rising star among new Soviet properties. The Grenadians eagerly pursued this status, expressing disappointment when Moscow did not receive Grenadian leaders with the same pomp as their Nicaraguan and Cuban counterparts. But the Grenadians scrambled for recognition; NJM delegations relentlessly advanced Soviet positions at meetings of the Socialist International and in other international forums.

Although the Kremlin did not leap to anoint Grenada as a full member of the socialist community, aid still came quickly. Little more than a year after Bishop seized power, the Soviet Union agreed to supply free of charge $1.3 million worth of military hardware—the first of three known military-aid agreements, worth a total of $5.8 million. American forces found enough military gear to equip two Cuban infantry battalions for thirty to 45 days of combat. Moscow and Havana may have had some reservations about the durability of Grenada's revolution—similar revolutions, especially in Africa, had succumbed to sudden reversals—but they were plainly willing to underwrite the English-speaking Caribbean's first Marxist-Leninist government. That the U.S. would intervene directly was the farthest thing from their minds.

Consolidating a Marxist-Leninist revolution is never easy. In Grenada, the papers show, Bishop's NJM confronted both active resistance and hostile indifference. The economy sagged under the weight of centralized planning lorded over by cadres who barely knew their Marx, let alone their supply-and-demand curves. The masses were somewhat enthusiastic at the start, but growing repression and a worsening economic situation were more real than Communist sloganeering. Pressure mounted within the NJM to identify scapegoats. Bishop's murderers-to-be attacked his leadership.

A LITTLE MORE than a year before his assassination, Bishop defended himself against charges that he was not a tough Leninist by saying that party members had absolute "hegemony" over every government body and five of eight trade unions. As for the nefarious bourgeoisie, Bishop said, "They are not part of our rule and control. . . . We bring them in for what we want to bring them in. When they want freedom of expression to attack the government . . . we crush and jail them." As for his feelings on due process: "Consider how people get detained in this country. We don't go and call for no votes. You get detained when I sign an order. . . . Once I sign it—like it or don't like it—it's up the hill for them." More than a thousand of Grenada's approximately 100,000 people were detained during the four and a half years of Bishop's rule, and State Department reports document that many prisoners were tortured.

But in the Cubans and Soviets Bishop had sophisticated friends who knew that not every reactionary was a candidate for jail and torture. The truly popular ones had to be handled with gingerly care. Bishop's most difficult challenge was the Catholic Church. A "top secret" report prepared by officials at the Ministry of the Interior said, "The Church [is] the main potential source of internal counter-revolution . . . if serious measures are not taken, we can find ourselves with a Poland situation."

Why was the Church such a nettle? A neat summary of the threat posed by the Church (prepared by Cuban "experts" on the religion question) showed that it claimed the allegiance of 59 per cent of the populace, staffed most of the schools on the island, and was actively countering the NJM's attempts to subvert its authority and pastoral mission.

Listed in various documents is an assortment of provocations against the "revo," as party members called the revolution. The Church had reportedly called for the release of prisoners detained without charge; attempted to publish its own newspaper; distributed documents described as "anti scientific socialism" (for example, Pope John Paul II's 1983 New Year's message); and purchased 4,365 copies of the easy-to-read Jerusalem Bible. This last was especially insidious, observed one official, because "this means that the Church in understanding the struggle for minds has revolutionized [its] main ideological weapon—the Bible."

Bishop Sidney Charles apparently plotted to maintain the Church's authority and spoke out against the regime. An NJM intelligence report warns that insiders had passed the word that Bishop Charles planned to

(Continues on page 52)

Mr. Desmond is a freelance writer and a researcher-reporter for Time *magazine.*

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THE MEDIAMORPHOSIS OF BUSH

Memo to: The Vice President
From: Victor Gold
Re: Media Coverage '84

Congratulations, GB. The *Washington Post* says that during the campaign you proved yourself "blustering, opportunistic, craven, and hopelessly ineffective," while Geraldine Ferraro was "smart, strong, and resourceful." And that's just for editorial starters. Columnist Richard Cohen, having gone off the Alan Alda reservation immediately after your debate with Mrs. Ferraro—he called you the winner—reconsidered his verdict and finally came down on the side of questioning your "character."

But wait, there's more: The *New York Times*, wrapping up its coverage of your campaign, reports "erosion of what had previously been a positive political image," the same somber theme sounded by the Big Two of weekly newsmagazines. *Time*, all comparisons considered, finds you guilty of "invidious braggadocio" and commends Walter Mondale's running-mate for keeping her campaign "passionately focused"; while *Newsweek* interprets passionate focus in your case as a mere matter of "tub-thumping," playing out the role of "ceaseless cheerleader" for Ronald Reagan.

The networks? More of the same. A post-election survey finds that your vice presidential opponent received some four thousand seconds of TV-network evening-news coverage during the campaign—some "negative" in the early stages, but all listed as "positive" in the final weeks; while you were given half that amount, two thousand seconds, all "negative." Repeat: *all* "negative."

For the record, you should know that not even my erstwhile employers Barry Goldwater in Campaign '64 and Spiro Agnew in Campaign '72 succeeded in pitching a complete network shutout. To inspire two thousand seconds—more than thirty unrelieved, unbalanced minutes—of negative evening-news coverage during the course of a national campaign! It was a *tour de force*, one for the Accuracy in Media archives.

Yet there are questions, I know, left hanging; questions regarding what the news media, given their penchant for equating the political process with prime-time ratings, would term your "performance" as a campaigner: "Vice President Bush campaigned so erratically," writes Howell Raines, a *New York Times* analyst and network savant, "as to shake the confidence of his friends, the 'Establishment Republicans,' and to fire a movement among conservatives to deny him the nomination in 1988."

TRUE, RAINES didn't spend a day on the Bush campaign tour, and his appraisal is wholly at odds with reports from the field that show your standing with Republicans—whether so-called "Establishment" or conservative—at an all-time high. Conceded, too, that Raines, like most liberal entrail-readers who work for the *Times* or the networks, acquired his grasp of the dynamics of Republican/conservative politics by talking to other liberal analysts or by osmosis, while attending awareness seminars at Aspen.

Nevertheless, for a campaigner who over the years has enjoyed an easy, affable relationship with the national news media, you must wonder at the sudden, unexpected mediamorphosis that changed your public persona—at least, as the Washington press corps views it—from that of George the Amiable Preppy to that of George the Blustering Opportunist. How to explain it? How to stop the "erosion" and restore your "positive political image"?

Wonder no more. Having worked as press aide for both Barry the Mad Bomber and Spiro the Hatchetman, I am arguably the world's pre-eminent authority on the whys and wherefores of eroded imagery among conservative Republican candidates. Herewith, then, a few observations concerning the factors that went into your decline from national media grace:

1. *The Teflon Factor.* A phrase contrived, to be sure, by Democrats and their media allies to deride what they perceive as Ronald Reagan's ability to stand apart from his Administration's mistakes. In truth, however, the phrase more aptly describes not some unseen power but the media's obvious impotence in their effort to do to this President what they had done to a generation of his predecessors.

Consider: A national press corps that believes, with no little pride, that it brought down Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, critically wounded Jerry Ford, and broke—even as it once made—Jimmy Carter, has for the first time in two decades come up against a President resistant, if not immune, to its best shots.

"I stood in front of the Grand Ole Opry," Sam Donaldson told an acquaintance one day in late summer. "Reagan had just been on stage with Roy Acuff and I began my piece saying, 'This event was all managed, a PR set-up.' But I knew it wouldn't make any difference. I can talk all I want, nobody's paying attention."

Clearly, there was only one way for the national media to go if they hoped to make a "difference." Nothing personal, understand; but if after four years' trying they can't bring down, wound, or break a President, a Vice President's the next best target.

2. *The Piranha Factor.* Told early in the year that the goal of a vice presidential campaign is to stay out of trouble, a senior ABC correspondent

Mr. Gold was a senior advisor and speechwriter for Vice President Bush during the recent campaign.

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shook her head and replied, "That's your goal, not ours. We *want* controversy." On another occasion a *Times* reporter told a member of your staff that he liked your policy of two news conferences a day (later cut to two a week) because, "If we don't get him in the morning, we still have another chance the same afternoon." A traveling press corps feeds off candidate press availabilities, setting its own agenda for the campaign based not on issues but on trivial pursuits.

3. *The Simulated-Horse-Race Factor.* Ideology aside—in 1984, as in 1980, the national press is overwhelmingly anti-Reagan—what the media want in any presidential year is a contest. Spills, chills, thrills galore—whatever it takes to justify the superstar salaries paid TV anchors, big-foot correspondents, and furrowed-browed analysts.

In this runaway year, with a popular incumbent double digits ahead of a colorless challenger, the presidential debates offered a glimmer of hope that a race might yet be made of it. Was Reagan off-stride in the first debate, less daunting than the Reagan who had demolished Carter? Fantastic. No matter that the polls showed voter preferences massively unmoved by the debate: Rush that *Time* cover into print, the caricature showing Reagan, Mondale, Bush, and Ferraro running neck and neck. And let's have another go at the age issue, too. You never can tell . . .

Still, for the long campaign run, it wasn't the presidential debates but the presence of a woman on the vice presidential line that would be the hot story, the stuff that news is made of. When you were matched against Mondale in 1980, GB, nobody gave a damn whether the vice presidential candidates ever debated. You ran your entire campaign without mentioning or being asked about your counterpart on the Carter ticket. His stand on abortion didn't make news; neither did yours. His income-tax filings weren't an issue; neither were yours. His "manhood" wasn't challenged; neither was yours. And when your record of heroism in World War II came up, no one accused you of "epaulet flexing" or "machoism." But this year was like no other vice presidential election year. "History" was being made, and, as far as the political press was concerned, you were on the wrong side of it; which brings us to

4. *The Gerry-versus-Goliath Factor.* Philadelphia, October 11: There was Sam Donaldson on-screen, immediately after the vice presidential debate, calling it a "draw." And Morton Kondracke in the press area, insisting to his colleagues that Mrs. Ferraro had "mopped the floor" with you. Not even Mary McGrory would buy that line, because Mrs. Ferraro had so clearly lost. But Kondracke persisted because he, like Donaldson, had predicted weeks before that in any Bush-Ferraro debate, you would lose. Then, of course, there were the female correspondents covering the campaign: As their male counterparts in the press room looked on at the end of the debate, they rose, as one, to applaud "their" Gerry's summation.

The press corps, including your own traveling press, had a stake in your opponent's success as a candidate—not only in the debate but throughout the campaign. In her success and *your* failure, which leads us, finally, to

5. *The Media-Ego Factor.* The cautionary rule for Republican vice presidential candidates is, *Don't surprise the political press.* Time and again, when the print and electronic experts thought one man would (or should) be chosen to run for Number Two and someone else was picked, the media turned on the chosen one with a vengeance. Having been proven wrong themselves, they had a stake in proving the presidential nominee wrong in not following their advice. And that advice, always, is that the presidential nominee should go to the left in picking a running-mate.

In 1952 the press believed that Eisenhower's running-mate would, and should, be Earl Warren. Richard Nixon was the surprise selection and lived to regret it. In 1964, although the press corps could hardly have cared less about Barry Goldwater's prospects for election, they recommended that he "broaden the base" of his support by putting "moderate" Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton on the ticket. Goldwater stunned them by choosing Bill Miller, who spent the entire campaign suffering, if you can believe it, a worse press than Barry's. In 1968, it was obvious to every reporter in Miami Beach that if Nixon had good sense he would pick John Lindsay for the VP spot. When Nixon, without warning, picked Agnew, the press was furious. The Maryland governor, who until that time had enjoyed favorable coverage, was transmogrified overnight into a blundering hatchetman.

What happened this year is that you surprised the media. Hard to believe, but it's obvious that until this campaign, they hadn't been taking you too seriously. At least, they haven't been listening very carefully to what you've been saying all these years, or looking too closely at where you stood. For our recondite political press, the guardian of all liberties, finds it convenient to deal in stereotypes. And for you it has had this fixed image of the Amiable Preppy, a decent fellow with a nice résumé and striped watchbands who just happened to outlast everyone else running against Ronald Reagan four years ago and wound up as his Vice President.

Only when the media's attention was focused first on this year's vice presidential race and then on 1988 did they begin listening and looking in earnest; and concluded, horror of horrors, that they had been *deceived.* Why, you're not a "moderate" Republican at all, but a Reagan soulmate—a different George Bush from the one they thought they knew.

SO IT BEGAN: the hostility; the ridicule; the snide (when not vicious) editorials from the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*; the cutting gibes of *Time* and *Newsweek*; the distorted network coverage; the pompous disdain of Joseph Kraft; the supercilious commentary of Jane Pauley's husband, the cartoonist; the unkind portrayals of your "cheerleading" and "buffoonery," invidiously contrasted with Geraldine Ferraro's smart, strong, resourceful, passionate focus . . .

Again, GB, congratulations. Geraldine Ferraro has done you a favor. To emerge from Campaign '84 as a liberal-media *bête noire*, ridiculed, unfairly portrayed, the target each day of a new *Doonesbury* punchline? Very exclusive company. There's a fellow you know—also an amiable sort with a nice résumé—who's been putting up with the same thing for twenty years, ever since he entered the political arena.

Ask Ronald Reagan. He'll tell you. The people have their own way of appraising "character" in their leaders. Sometimes they just love a man for the enemies he has made. □

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LETTER FROM PEKING / MAURICE H. STANS

RUNNING DOGS OF CAPITALISM

A FIRST-TIME VISITOR to the People's Republic of China in 1984 finds a world of surprises. Whatever his expectations, the reality is many times more impressive and, in many respects, pleasantly startling. China is in transition, and an old China hand returning after ten years would be stunned by the changes he would find.

The visible relics of China's past are eloquent testimony to its leadership in human progress over many early centuries. But the contemplation of China's history is dull compared to the engrossing dynamics of the future. The post-Mao revolution is leading the country into an economic and social explosion that is likely to have an unprecedented impact on the people of China, the United States, and, indeed, the entire industrial world.

What seems to be occurring is the early phase of a broad-scale transition from a centrally planned economy to a freer market system within a Communist-controlled nation. Its potential is challenging and, in a country as big as China, has breathtaking implications.

The first ten-year plan, covering 1976 to 1985, calls for "four modernizations"—in industry, agriculture, science and technology, and defense—"to build China into a powerful modern socialist country . . . before the end of the century." There is no published master plan or blueprint to achieve this goal. Changes are occurring rapidly, with one precedent-shattering move after another. All are premised on the concept that the people can achieve, grow, and prosper if the restraints of a controlled economy are lifted. The Chinese leadership apparently has discovered the astounding progress made by some of China's free-market neighbors—Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, and Singapore.

The modernization of the country, undertaken delicately by Chou En-lai and now accelerated by Deng Xiaoping, is clearly another "great leap forward," not an evolutionary affair. Although national leaders deny that this is a move toward capitalism, the sum of their actions is nothing less than that. Bold moves toward free markets —opening up avenues for private investment, inviting foreign capital in on favorable terms, and creating a layer of privately owned enterprises—have already brought about visible advances in living conditions.

First, communal farms are being restored to family management; peasants can now contract to work a piece of land, paying the state a quota rental and marketing the rest of the production for whatever profit they can make. The press tells of a young woman whose chicken farm amassed enough income in a few years for her to buy the first privately owned automobile in the entire country.

Second, voluntary cooperatives and individually owned business enterprises are being encouraged in order to create a diversified economy of small factories and commercial establishments. "We will not let the idea of egalitarianism prevent some peasants from being prosperous before others," says one authority, thus bringing initiative into full play. "Peasants can pool their manpower, funds, and technology," says a Chinese publication, "to operate such undertakings in cooperative form, with no regional or industrial restrictions." The output of cooperatives currently exceeds $40 billion. In construction, peasant-run companies can bid against government enterprises "to encourage competition." Enterprising families in Shanghai can buy their own housing units. Privately owned retail stores are making money where government-subsidized stores are losing it. Managers of government plants are given "self-decision powers" to operate on a competitive, open-market, profit-sharing basis. The story of the tailor who took over a money-losing shirt factory and turned it around is well publicized. He tightened discipline, ended state sales contracts, set up a marketing division, established quality control, and instituted piece-work wage rates and profit-sharing, in addition to providing various amenities for employees.

Third, China has started up four economic-development zones near coastal cities and has announced 14 more to come, to produce both for export and for local markets. Foreign capital is invited to participate in joint ventures, or even to acquire 100 per cent ownership, with tax concessions and other government support.

Fourth, the government says it will allow Hong Kong's present economic system to continue for at least another fifty years after it takes control of the territory.

The immensity of the changes that are taking place is very visible in Peking. New construction is under way everywhere—office buildings, factories, hotels, housing, sewage and street improvements. Heavy cranes pierce the skyline, although many buildings up to ten stories high still grow behind bamboo scaffolding.

(*Continues on page 53*)

Mr. Stans was Secretary of Commerce in the Nixon Administration.

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THE LEFT'S NEW LOVE

THE EDITORS of *Monthly Review* volunteer that theirs is a journal "edited for a Left readership," and indeed that they consider themselves Marxists. Last summer they chose to devote a double issue (July-August 1984) to the blossoming romance between the secular and the religious Left. As they write, "It is now becoming clear—in what may turn out to be one of history's most startling reversals—that . . . [a] widespread rapproachment [*sic*] between religion and the Left is actually taking place." To illustrate this theme, the editors have gathered more than a dozen articles and excerpts that discuss favorite developments within the religious Left.

It is striking the extent to which this results in bitter and divisive theologizing. The authors encourage none even of the limited moral imagination required to perceive that we share our humanity also with those not of our socio-economic stratum. For example, we get this charitable sentiment from one Allan Boesak, president of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches and a 1984 recipient of an honorary doctorate in divinity from Yale. Beginning with a condemnation of South Africa, Dr. Boesak's attack then becomes less focused:

> Can the whites succeed? How can they succeed if the gospel itself rejects everything that white society attempts to maintain and defend? How can the whites succeed if the gospel of liberation that Jesus Christ effects condemns white "Christianity"? . . . This "Christian civilization" is established on self-centeredness, selfishness, murder, and the theft of the land.

In her article about recent religious radicalism in the United States, a Roman Catholic Sister of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (IHM) offers this account of the division within the American Church:

> There is emerging *a church in solidarity* with the interests and struggles of the poor both in the United States and elsewhere. . . . And on the other [hand], *the church of the established order*, of the dominant class, of those who are dominant economically, politically, and culturally.

But the issue has even more to offer. A very informative article by Phillip Berryman on Basic Christian Communities (BCCs) in Latin America describes the development of this important movement. (There are now an estimated 200,000 such communities, eighty thousand in Brazil alone.) Berryman writes frankly, "There is a direct line from BCC pastoral work to the popular organizations to a Marxist guerrilla organization," which is not to say that more than a small minority of BCC members become guerrillas. Rather, as one Sandinista put it, BCCs are "like 'quarries' for the FSLN" and other revolutionary organizations. After reading Berryman's description of what passes for religious instruction there, that is not surprising:

> People who come into revolutionary struggle through BCCs have a rich symbol system for interpreting that struggle. Their point of reference is the *pueblo*, the "people" (itself a biblical concept), rather than simply the technical notion of the proletariat. The symbols of "exodus" and "kingdom" place events in a broad perspective, and the basic pattern of death/resurrection links the individual's life—and willingness to sacrifice it if necessary—to the pattern of Christ.

The *Monthly Review* excerpt from Ernesto Cardenal's 1976 book *The Gospel in Solentiname* is especially interesting in light of its author's place in the Sandinista government. (Father Cardenal, the Nicaraguan Minister of Culture, was the target of Pope John Paul II's finger-wagging reprimand during his visit to Nicaragua.) Solentiname is an island chain in Lake Nicaragua to whose inhabitants Father Cardenal ministered for a decade. Eschewing traditional sermons, Father Cardenal would invite members of the congregation to discuss the day's Gospel. His book was a compilation of their pronouncements. So simple-minded is the discussion, and so devoid of elevated sentiment or fellow-feeling for any who are not themselves poor, that the priest who does not teach but rather transcribes seems (though he is probably not) poignantly simple.

Out of the Mire

AFTER A few hours mired in the Christian-Marxist dialogue, as it is called, the article on the similarities between the later writings of Edmund Burke and those of Reinhold Niebuhr in the current *Union Seminary Quarterly Review* (Fall 1984) is all the more refreshing. Professor Vigen Guroian of Loyola College in Baltimore, Maryland, notes that the later work of both Burke and Niebuhr, though nowadays unfashionable, has much to recommend it and much in common:

> Niebuhr and Burke identified three principal components of radical ideology: 1) a "Manichaean" dualism which divides reality into a present totally evil world order and a future perfectly just revolutionary order, 2) a "chiliastic" mythology in which a militant messianic class of the exploited and oppressed rises up in revolution to bring the new order into existence, and 3) a fanatical utopianism. . . . Both diagnosed radical ideology as a moral and religious "heresy" in which the pride of the creature blinds him to his own limits and under the pretext of intellectual, moral, or spiritual superiority gives free reign to the *libido dominandi*.

Perhaps, then, what we really need is a contemporary thinker who can dissect liberation theology as Burke did Jacobinism and Niebuhr did the Soviet version of the Marxist faith. And, one should think, the sooner the better. □

Mr. Scully is editor of This World.

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A BIGGER AND BETTER NOOSE

William McGurn

How Democracies Perish, by Jean-François Revel, with the collaboration of Branko Lazitch (Doubleday, 361 pp., $17.95)

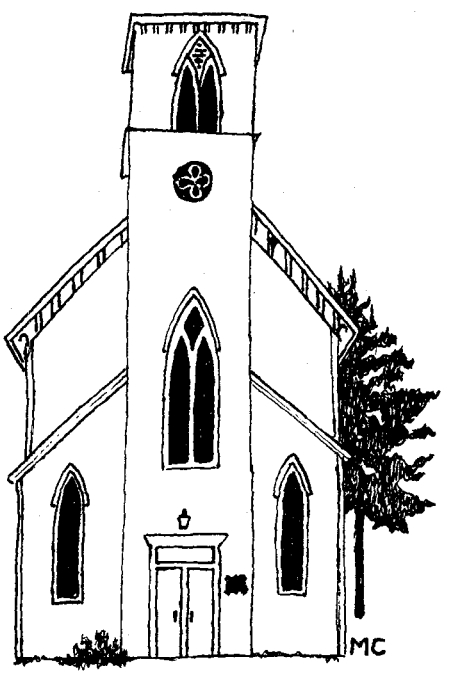
NOT LONG after the 13 American Colonies had begun their "great experiment" in republican democracy, a young French aristocrat named Alexis de Tocqueville assessed its worth as a political system in his classic work, *Democracy in America*. Overall he was quite taken by democracy's more modest (and therefore more attainable) goals. Yet he also recorded its many shortcomings, among these a decided weakness in executing a serviceable foreign policy. "Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which are peculiar to a democracy," he noted. "They require, on the contrary, the perfect use of almost all those in which it is deficient."

In other words, democracies are particularly vulnerable from without precisely because of their internal virtues. Today, almost a century and a half later, another Frenchman, equally a friend of democracy, has hit upon the same point. This Frenchman, however, has arrived at that point from the opposite direction. In *How Democracies Perish*, Jean-François Revel has assessed not democracy's strengths but its weaknesses, especially in its foreign dealings in the years since Yalta.

"Democracy probably could have endured had it been the only type of political organization in the world," writes Revel, "but it is not basically structured to defend itself against outside enemies seeking its annihilation, especially since the latest and most dangerous of these external enemies, Communism—the current and complete model of totalitarianism—parades as democracy perfected when it is in fact the absolute negation of democracy." In subsequent pages, Revel records the ever greater amount of rope the West has been selling to the USSR these four decades past, all contributing to a bigger and better noose.

In his effort to chart this decline, Revel calls some surprising people onto the carpet. Though Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger are properly faulted for the sorry record of détente (and here Revel insists that a policy be judged on what it brought about rather than what its architects "meant"), Charles de Gaulle shoulders most of the blame for the idea. In the General's "third way," which involved looking at the U.S. and USSR as the two sides of the same bad coin, Revel sees the seed of that dualism which refuses to distinguish between the inherent evils of totalitarianism and the inevitable imperfections of democracy. This sort of a-plague-on-both-your-houses thinking, now *de rigueur* among the respectable, has eliminated the hard thought and tough decisions demanded by any diplomacy worthy of the name.

The result today is that commentators start with the fact that both the U.S. and the USSR are superpowers and work down, whereas a more accurate understanding of the respective superpowers would start with their fundamental differences and work up. In practice the emphasis on the democracies' flaws has fostered the idea that until these nations live up to all their ideals they have no right to criticize (and ultimately to defend themselves against) Communist oppression. Since the Soviets are not bothered by such niceties, this works to their great practical advantage.



Consequently, our day has seen a curious suspension of all the classic rules of diplomacy that had been practiced since the days of Athens and Sparta. Against the traditional carrot and stick, the West merely puts out more and more carrots in the futile hope of satiating the Soviets' voracious appetite for expansion. Starting with JFK's allowing the Berlin Wall to be built, Western democratic leaders have gone through the same dance each time one more bit of territory is lost: plenty of rousing words (*Ich bin ein Berliner*), but at bottom a loss. "If you want to present the democracies with a *fait accompli*," says Revel, quoting Hitler, "do it over a weekend." That was the case with the Berlin Wall in 1961; that was the case twenty years later, on Sunday, December 13, when martial law was declared in Poland.

At various points in his book, the author is at pains to assure his readers that "it's the case that's pessimistic,

George Byram Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

Lance Lamberton, a public-relations consultant living in New York City, was until recently deputy director of the White House Office of Policy Information.

William McGurn is editorial-features editor for the European edition of the Wall Street Journal.

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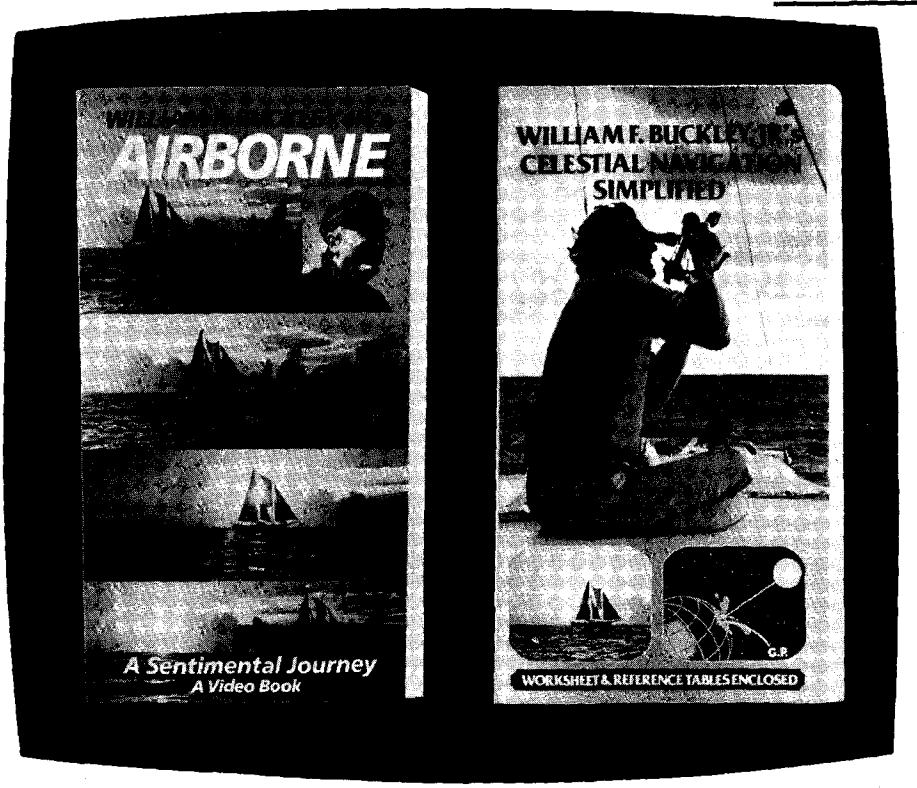

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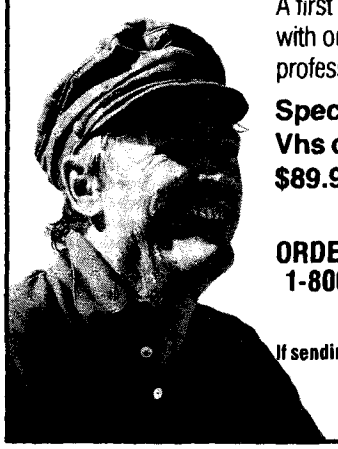

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not the person stating it." Certainly the case is pretty gloomy, as can be seen from the titles of the book's four sections: "How Democracy Faces Its Enemies," "The Reality of Communist Expansion," "The Tools of Communist Expansion," and "The Mentality of Democratic Defeat." Going through this dreary record of defeat after defeat would make even Leo Buscaglia turn in his smile button.

As for what is to be done (Lenin's question of 1902), Revel again avoids the temptation to prescribe. But he does cite Demosthenes' reply to the same question: "To those I will give what I believe is the fairest and truest answer: Don't do what you are doing now." It is sounder advice than you'll find in all the learned analyses churned out by the State Department, all the scribblings of the foreign-policy press, all the high-flown after-the-fact rhetoric that issues from democratic capitals around the world. This January we shall celebrate the 150th anniversary of Tocqueville's masterly contribution to political thought. As we do so, we would do well to keep in mind the inherent point of Jean-François Revel's work: that democracies do, in fact, perish. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ More November Titles: *Freedom with Justice: Catholic Social Thought and Liberal Institutions* (Harper & Row, $17.95), by Michael Novak, argues that the Catholic Church has come slowly about to a position in support of liberal notions of economic equality and "human rights" and of the institutions that claim to stand for them.

René de Chambrun's *Pierre Laval: Traitor or Patriot?* (Scribner's, $17.95) makes a defense for the most famous turncoat of World War II, claiming that the head of France's Vichy government consistently delayed implementing Nazi policies. (Chambrun, a French attorney, is son-in-law to the late president.)

In *Disabling America: The "Rights Industry" in Our Time* (Basic, $16.95), Richard E. Morgan attacks the overassertions of human rights by activist associations, which he believes are encouraging the state "to intervene in the private realm and eventually to destroy it."

John Rockwell's *Sinatra: An American Classic* (Random House/Rolling Stone Press, $29.95) celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the debut of an artist the author regards as the greatest singer in the history of American popular music.

American Impressionism (Abbeville, $85), by William H. Gerdts, seeks to rescue the work of painters like Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, and Maurice Prendergast from the near-oblivion into which history, and their French contemporaries, had cast them.

□ Coming in December: *Dirksen of Illinois: Senatorial Statesman* (Illinois, $19.95), by Edward L. Schapsmeier and Frederick H. Schapsmeier and with a foreword by Barry Goldwater and a preface by Richard A. Baker, looks to be a solid, detailed biography by two historians who are also the authors of *Henry A. Wallace of Iowa* and other books. —CW

THE LONG GOOD-BYE

George Byram Lake

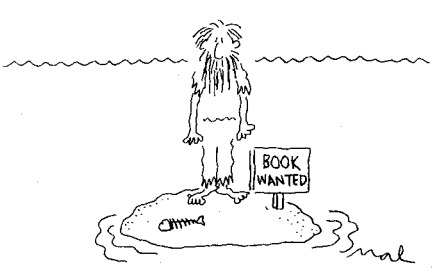
Catastrophe in the Caribbean, by James R. Whelan and Patricia B. Bozell (Green Hill, 134 pp., $13.95)

If any American citizen over the age of ten doesn't know that the government of the United States often does harm to its friends, its allies, its subjects, and itself while trying to do them good, then he has not been paying attention. *Catastrophe in the Caribbean* is designed to dispel any but the most intractable of such cases of mental narcolepsy. It is a powerful book.

The ousting of Fulgencio Batista, making way for Fidel Castro, is a painful example of American good intentions gone awry. A more recent case is the U.S.-assisted fall of the Shah of Iran and his replacement by the Ayatollah Khomeini. In each case the new dictator killed thousands of his fellow citizens and wiped out virtually all human rights for the survivors. The balance of world power was changed in both instances, to the enormous disadvantage of the West.

The current catastrophe in the Caribbean stems directly from our fiasco in Cuba. The dour leaders of the Soviet Union had long sought to set up a convenient base for the subversion and military intimidation of the Western Hemisphere. But in their wildest dreams they could not have hoped to receive such a base as an outright gift from the government of the United States.

The authors of this briskly written and fact-filled little book know Latin America well, and their findings may come as a shock to those who depend on left-leaning correspondents, millionaire anchormen, and capsule commentators for their views of the world. The authors demonstrate that social and economic conditions in the five little Central American countries had been improving in the Sixties and early Seventies despite the ravages of terrorist groups directed and armed by Russia, via Cuba. All five of those countries were friends and allies of the United States. But the Carter Administration, in zealous execution of its human-rights campaign, soon changed that.



In Nicaragua the Sandinistas had been fighting since 1962 to overthrow the repressive regime of President Anastasio Somoza and—as they later admitted—to establish a Marxist revolutionary state ruled by themselves; they were supported by Fidel Castro and his superiors in Moscow. As opposition to Somoza grew more intense, thousands of non-Communist Nicaraguans whose aim was the establishment of a democratic state with full civil liberties for all joined in the fight. By 1979 a full-scale revolution had developed.

It might have been supposed that the results of State Department interventions in Cuba and Iran would breed some caution in U.S. policymakers. But the ideologues in Carter's government thrust a heavy hand into the chaos raging in Nicaragua and helped create still greater chaos. The authors trace the tangle of violent events that led, in July 1979, to the overthrow and exile of Somoza and the installation of a revolutionary regime that began at once to construct the Marxist state that today—five years later—menaces the peace of Central America. Nicaragua now is the Soviets' second advance base in the hemisphere, the launching pad for further incursions toward the Mexican oilfields.

And what of the human rights our government sought to restore? "In Nic-

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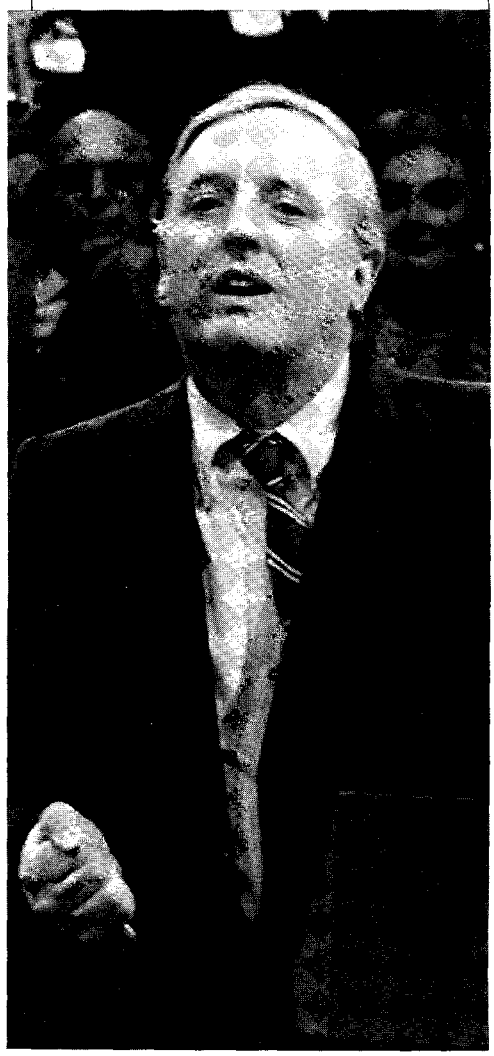

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aragua today there are no rights, human or otherwise," writes Roger Reed of the American Council for Inter-American Security. "There is no right to strike, no right of habeas corpus, no right of assembly." The lone remnant of a once-free press hangs on by a thread, heavily censored and with its personnel in danger. As in Cuba, lynch mobs dubbed "people's courts" send neighbors to the firing squads and supposed "class enemies" to vile prisons for indefinite terms. The rulers are waging a genocidal war against their Miskito Indian subjects. The economy is in ruins, and hunger is rampant. In short, Nicaragua has been "liberated."

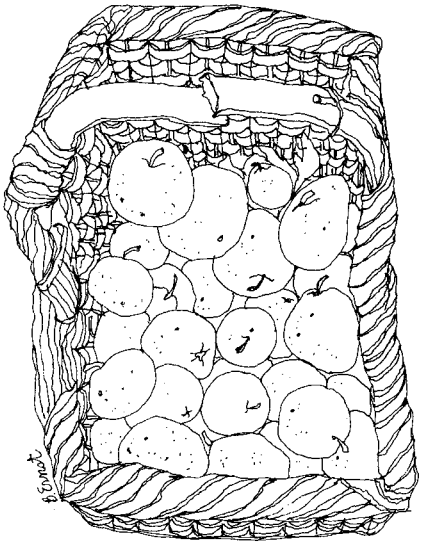
Pleased with the initial revolutionary developments in Nicaragua—which they described as a model for other countries—the visiting zealots for human rights were able by late 1979 to turn their attention to El Salvador, the smallest and in some ways the most advanced of the Central American countries, which was then reeling from the combined assaults of seven identified guerrilla outfits that were fighting the inept government of General Carlos Humberto Romero. Three of the terrorist groups were better armed and better financed than the "9 to 5" Salvadoran army. Their money came mainly from ransom collected from kidnapped foreign businessmen, and their arms came from Russia by way of Cuba and Nicaragua. While the fighting raged, and while Castro was rushing two hundred additional tons of modern weapons to his Communist colleagues in El Salvador, Jimmy Carter and his advisors in faraway Washington decided that the cure for the devastated little country's ills must be "the most sweeping program of land reform in the history of the hemisphere."

A team of American experts—among them labor-union bureaucrats, Catholic priests, and city welfare workers with no known expertise in agriculture—was sent to San Salvador. In consultation with like-minded Salvadoran reformers in their Sheraton Hotel suite there, they drew up a plan for redistributing the land, which—according to the Communist propaganda myth—was held by 14 families.

Acting on orders from the ruling junta, Salvadoran troops swept over the country and took possession at gunpoint of every farm of 1,250 acres or more, nearly four hundred of them in all. The soldiers did some looting while they were at it; the bewildered owners offered no resistance. Other troops were busy meanwhile expropriating every farm worked by renters; the owners, many of whom had their life savings invested in the land, protested in vain. Legal norms were trampled into the dust.

The tremendous social and financial disruptions caused by the land expropriations were not enough to deter the reformers from a further shot at "social engineering." In ominous compliance with another of Lenin's principles, they ordered the nationalization of the banking system and of savings and loan organizations throughout El Salvador. That operation also was carried out overnight. With it, the government bureaucrats became the sole masters of credit; that is to say, sole masters. And, to round off their work, they also took over the nation's export businesses.

Other notable events linked with the "reforms" are briefly described: They include the recall of an able U.S. ambassador suspected of being soft on capitalism and his replacement by a supporter of "the passionate Left"; a government overturned and replaced by a junta; an election held in defiance of guerrilla bombs, then another with results more satisfactory to the visiting experts; and the still more recent voting that elevated José Napoleón Duarte to the presidency. All this took place while the battle between guerrillas and the government took a toll of thousands dead and tens of thousands wounded. All in all, a remarkable demonstration of the law of unintended consequences at work. Could the Communists themselves have carried out Communist objectives in El Salvador more thoroughly? □



LEGACY OF FAILURE

Lance Lamberton

Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980, by Charles Murray (Basic, 323 pp., $23.95)

THOSE WHO already believe welfare is a poverty trap that undermines independence, ambition, and upward mobility will find Charles Murray's new book a powerful and well-documented affirmation of that belief. On the other hand, those who maintain that "the system" is to blame will discover that they too have been vindicated by Murray's tireless critique of welfarism, but perhaps not in the way they would have liked.

In other words, the same people who have been blaming "the system" for poverty in America have succeeded in creating a system that has institutionalized it. As Murray's impressive array of data makes clear, social policy initiated under the Great Society has not only failed to eradicate poverty, it has exacerbated it. For instance, there are millions more people living below the poverty line today than there were before LBJ's legislative blitzkrieg took effect. Moreover, the poor live in greater fear of crime than ever before, the quality of education in the inner cities has declined precipitately, illegitimacy rates have soared, participation in the labor force among inner-city youths is at an all-time low and unemployment at an all-time high. In fact, by just about any economic index you can name, the quality of life among the poor in America has worsened, and along with it the high hopes the poor once had of escaping poverty.

What is particularly tragic about this is that, prior to the War on Poverty, those on the lower rungs of the economic ladder were making remarkable economic progress. According to Murray, from 1950 to 1966 the percentage of Americans living in poverty declined from 30 to 15.7: a reduction of nearly half. That figure continued to decline steadily throughout the Sixties and early Seventies—albeit at a slower rate—until it reached the all-time low of 11.1 per cent in 1973. After that, the steady progress against poverty which this country had enjoyed for more than three decades came to an abrupt

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halt, followed by retreat, until, by 1980, 13 per cent of all Americans were living below the poverty line, a figure that had increased to 15.2 per cent by 1983.

It should come as no surprise to learn that the slowdown and then reversal of progress against poverty coincided almost exactly with rising levels of spending on federal social-welfare programs. What the Poverty Warriors had done was to institute a system of perverse incentives that made it more profitable over the short term for the poor to choose welfare over work.

This was done not just by increasing benefit levels but by changing, as well, the rules determining how benefits could be obtained. In 1960, the best choice available to an average poor couple starting out together with a child on the way was marriage and steady employment; but by 1970, owing largely to changes in the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program, this was no longer the case. In 1960 the only federally supported welfare program of any significance was AFDC, whose payments were insufficient to support three people and, anyway, were not available either to married couples or to unmarried couples living together. Since a full-time minimum-wage job offered almost twice as much income as AFDC, and since marriage offers a measure of security and respectability that a female-headed household with the man paying clandestine visits does not, it is easy to see why work and marriage were felt to be the preferable option. By 1970, however, AFDC benefits had become available to unmarried couples but not to married ones. Also, AFDC payment levels had increased substantially, so that, combined with food stamps, rent subsidies, and other income-support programs, they enabled the same family to have a significantly greater income than was available to it under either option in 1960. Thus, marriage is discouraged, illegitimacy encouraged, and work at the minimum wage an option that fewer and fewer of the poor are choosing.

Another factor that has helped to institutionalize poverty was the concerted effort to change the way the poor felt about welfare. No longer was it viewed as something to be ashamed of; instead it was regarded as a right. In the case of poor blacks, it was looked upon as atonement for opportunity formerly denied. Meanwhile, in the peer-pressure environment of the streets, those who worked at minimum-wage jobs were viewed as chumps, whereas the pimp, the drug dealer, and the repeat offender were emulated. Is it any wonder that illegitimacy, crime, and illiteracy rates rose so dramatically?

Space does not permit a full description of the devastating critique Murray makes of liberal social policy over the past two decades. What is unique about Murray's analysis of social policy is the thoroughness with which he has linked cause and effect through his juxtaposition of progress before, during, and after the era of "social reform." While incentivists warned of the dire consequences the Great Society programs were likely to have, and George Gilder provided some excellent insights into how the welfare system destroys the ability of poor blacks to escape poverty, it is only now—with *Losing Ground*—that we can state, categorically, that the Great Society programs are doing irreparable harm to those they are intended to help.

Yet, while Murray builds his case methodically and meticulously, he does so without miring the reader in tedium. His smooth-flowing narrative style makes *Losing Ground* interesting and worth while for layman and professional alike.

But while I applaud Charles Murray for providing the theoretical and empirical framework we need to dismantle the welfare state, I also had a profound sense of tragedy, and even outrage, in reading it. It would be one thing if the billions spent on the War on Poverty achieved no appreciable result: It is quite another that those billions have arrested, and even reversed, the progress we had been making. Now millions of poor people have been rendered so demoralized and dependent by our "generosity" that they have grown impervious to the benefits that would otherwise accrue to them from economic growth.

That all this was done in a spirit of concern and compassion makes the final outcome all the more ironic, underscoring the importance of respecting and understanding human nature. As for the army of social scientists who swarmed over Washington during the

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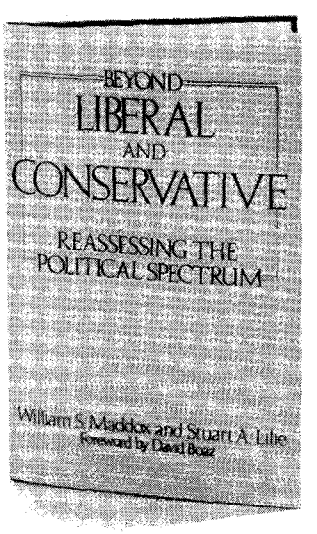

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heyday of the Great Society, they can gain little solace from the fact that, while "the system" was not to blame for poverty in the Sixties, now, in the early Eighties, it most assuredly is. □

THE VANDALS WITHIN

Joseph Sobran

Poisoned Ivy, by Benjamin Hart (Stein & Day, 254 pp., $16.95)

IT IS A peculiarity of our time that many of our institutions exist under the stewardship of men who, fundamentally, hate them, hate their traditions, hate their very reasons for being. The churches come to mind: A bishop who ordains an avowed lesbian is acting out of some other motive than tolerance.

Benjamin Hart has written a poignant book about his years at Dartmouth, a college with the misfortune to have been misruled by an administration and faculty devoted to depriving students of the very traditions, local and cultural, into which they expected to be inducted. During Hart's freshman year, the school's chaplain sent out an encyclical extolling the gay life (though allowing that "it is not for everyone any more than celibacy is"). To be against affirmative action was to be "racist," and much of the book deals with the tension between conservatives who felt that the college should be welcoming black students into a common cultural initiation and, on the other side, radicals who were implicitly intent on using black students as battering rams against the culture itself.

Dartmouth's division was, and remains, deep, so deep that perhaps neither side is totally clear about its exact nature; but, for all that, both sides sense that they are clustered around important opposing principles. It is a difference of what Willmoore Kendall called "civil-war potential," erupting again and again over seemingly small causes.

One of the most publicized causes was Dartmouth's ancient symbol, the Indian, banned (but of course) as "racist" by the Enlightened Ones of the liberal era. Now you might think it obvious that the choice of the Indian is no more contemptuous of the Indian than, say, "New England Patriots" is contemptuous of patriotism. At any rate, when a pair of frisky students skated onto Dartmouth's hockey rink dressed up as Indians, all hell broke loose.

> Suddenly, the dam burst, and in a flood of emotion the mob cheered as I had never heard it. The band played. Hats, gloves, scarves fluttered onto the ice. All one could hear were happy people and the thunderous roar of joy and life, as they cheered, "DARTMOUTH INDIANS! I-N-D-I-A-N-S! DARTMOUTH INDIANS! SCALP 'EM!"
>
> Despite warnings over the public-address system to the mob to quiet down so the game could resume, people rose to their feet, held each other arm in arm, and sang the college alma mater, "*Men of Dartmouth set a watch / Lest the old traditions fail.*"

"I never really understood the old Dartmouth until I heard the cheers when you skated onto the ice," a student told one of the two "Indians" later. "I never knew how much a symbol can mean." But President Kemeny called the incident "horrendous" and "in the worst possible taste." The campus Left screamed for blood, and the two youths were severely disciplined. One was expelled, then grudgingly readmitted on stern conditions, including a requirement that he take one Indian—real—to lunch each week for a year. ("It hardly seems flattering to the Indians to be used as part of a weekly punishment," another student remarked. Exactly: If anyone was "insensitive to minorities" in this case, it was the astonishingly vindictive administration.)

Hart himself—the son of Jeffrey Hart, *NR* editor and professor of English at Dartmouth—was actually attacked and bitten by an administrator, in another widely publicized incident.

The faculty thereupon assembled and voted to censure not the assailant but *The Dartmouth Review*, the iconoclastic student newspaper Hart had been delivering copies of at the time.

The *Review*, of course, has been the storm center of Dartmouth life for several years now, and much of *Poisoned Ivy* concerns its founding and the administration's comically illiberal attempts to kill or censor it. President Kemeny kept using the curious argument that the paper was "divisive," and so obsessed with it was he that his commencement speech when Hart's class graduated was a bitter, thinly disguised attack on *The Dartmouth Review*. "The attack," Hart reflects,

> had a certain irony. It was, judging by the reaction of the students, parents, and alumni, the most *divisive* commencement address ever delivered at Dartmouth. Either one agreed with reverse-discrimination policies and segregated living facilities, or one was a racist. Either one was for disarmament, or one was a warmonger. Either one believed in funding lesbian groups, or one hated women. The speech was, to employ a liberal buzz word, simplistic.

But these famous broils and battles occupy only part of *Poisoned Ivy*. Each of the 19 chapters is an evocative vignette of Hart's life at Dartmouth. Here and there it is callow or sententious; some of the dialogue seems improbably sober (I know some of the characters personally, and it is hard to imagine them emitting so many subordinate clauses in brief conversations). But the narrative keeps you reading; the characters say things on every page that are either intrinsically interesting or dramatically self-revealing; and you find yourself absorbed in the world of Dartmouth, feeling, in the accounts of parties, football games, bull sessions, and love affairs, that beloved Dartmouth that lies, half-buried but still breathing, under all the progressive taboos.

Reverence, pathos, affection: These are the underlying sentiments of this often boisterous book. You shake your head in wonder that anybody can be arrogant enough to change in a flash what so many generations have lovingly preserved. There is a sad and gradual horror in realizing that so many important parts of our inheritance are in the hands of what might be called metaphysical vandals, who attack the essences of things under the

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forms of good behavior; except that it has gotten to the point where the behavior itself often turns ugly.

The generation gap has been reversed. Two decades ago the radical youth tried to destroy the universities; now the conservative youth are trying to save the universities from their elders. The student riots of the Sixties have given way to the faculty riots of the Eighties. □

FAIREST SOCIALISM

D. Keith Mano

Wild Berries, by Yevgeny Yevtushenko (Morrow, 296 pp., $15.95)

A SOVIET COSMONAUT has been thinking the Wrong Stuff. Well, here he is—megaversts above Europe—and still, after his dry splashdown, they won't let him leave Russia for Paris or New York. Up there border patrolmen and "mandatory residency registration" appear "unnatural, ridiculous." This is an ironic page-one paragraph from *Wild Berries* (1981)—which sold way over 2.5 million copies *in Russia.* Stuff your nose cone with that payload and puzzle it out. True, Yevtushenko —poet/cultural ambassador/media flash from the JFK era—has always been given more running room than most Russian literati. But this would still seem like an awful lot of tokenism. Maybe it's because Yevtushenko, Siberian born, can't be intimidated. Might as well throw Brer Rabbit back into his briar patch.

No more Western-sounding novel, I reckon, has ever hot-footed it out of Russia. Not just in subject matter, but in prose style—which teeters often between James Dickey at his best and Irving Wallace at his normal worst. Strange, vexed, wondrous thing: less secure about its true environment than lungfish once were: weirder than a "Women of Gulag" pictorial in *Playboy.* There is swivel-gun cinematic plotting (from space to Siberia to Chile and Allende to an American rock concert), plus cursory, cheap pop-fiction interior monologue. Against this unfortunate aspect of exported capitalism, you have the *taiga*—Siberian evergreen forest. Here Yevtushenko's diction (and people) can be split-rail hard or sweet-dense as fir carpeting. (In a brilliant, eerily colloquial translation by Antonina W. Bouis.) There are, moreover, some inner hints that Yevtushenko adjusted his engine timing for the fast-track American edition. What we've got here, in fact, is stylistic détente.

Yevtushenko does strain too hard: probably because, as a rare peasant-cosmopolitan, he has known too much —left lobe in Zima, right in New York. After all, given the constraint of censorship, his one permissible attitude is a wide, good-hearted, apolitical humanism. Anti-war, pro-life and -love and *-taiga.* The last refuge of oppressed people is sentimentality and vodka. By a Dostoyevskyan standard this plot couldn't be thought either over-complex or over-manipulated—yet coincidence, unlikely parallel event and pat retribution, hyperextend your imagination. Humanism, right and wrong, are lent a managerial power that even God was careful not to assume on earth.

So Kolomeitsev, Yevtushenko's Nietzschean superman, gets humbled. Kasha, the wise hunchback, will teach patience and courage. Nature—in particular a macho-breaking white-water boat ride, very reminiscent of *Deliverance*—is your fairest socialist. Nothing new here: the string section will play loudly on occasion. It isn't in extremes that Yevtushenko has disc harrow bite. It is in the middle, where his people don't wear their moral designation as if it were some sort of HELLO, I'M GOOD BUT SIMPLE-MINDED lapel sticker. School jive. Fireside conversation. Bureaucratic fishiness. Here Yevtushenko has slid back into a Russian-novel mode: storytelling within the story, poem and song and proverb. Russian fiction is less naturalistic (or expressionistic) than Biblical. It will use parable not, as Jesus did, to instruct, but rather to conceal and diffuse and exaggerate—for even a samovar may overhear.

Chuck all that literary criticism, though. *Wild Berries* is more surprising than an Op-Ed page in *Pravda* would be. Take, for one, the apparently widespread Westernized snob student societies. They read García Márquez and Mark Twain. They speak only English. Their accessories are Rolex and Marlboro and Levi-wear. One student has a poster collage—Muhammad Ali, Ringo Starr, and Phil Esposito. Yevtushenko will mock this style as elitist and false, yet his own chapter about the Tails (an American rock group in Hawaii) is neither unsympathetic nor ideological. That social observation of this sort, so conversant with America, should get published under official sanction (or shrug) hits me like incoming mail from Peenemünde. Do we misjudge the censorship weather there? Or is it just socialist pragmatism: America has so infiltrated Russia —at least with leisure wear and ghetto blasters—that one novel more or less won't matter.

I can get *Novy Mir,* young Krivtsov said, "but there are no subscriptions to the past." Yevtushenko has situated his humanism in memory: personal memory and cultural memory. In Russia, where they chop down, then repaint historical truth like maybe it was a stolen Corvette, this premise alone might be enough to subvert the state. And literature is memory. Throughout *Wild Berries* that Russian passion for book and poem is radiant as arc lighting. You begin to realize—by the flicker of yet one more MTV video—just how Promethean an intellectual force Russia, freed, might be. These people

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think. They *read*. I understand now why Solzhenitsyn has found our civilization callow. We simply bore him. It's enough to make an American novelist consider living in the USSR. If you could *live* there. □

THE UNBECOMING OF AN ARTIST

Jeffrey Hart

Fame Became of Him: Hemingway as Public Writer, by John Raeburn (Indiana, 231 pp., $17.50)

THE PECULIAR FATE of Ernest Hemingway after the publication of *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929 has always been a matter for critical speculation. By 1929, he was a hero of art, a selfless craftsman who had written some of the most concentrated prose in the English language. By the end of the Thirties, he had written little that matched his work of the Twenties. John Raeburn offers a theory why, and his study is immensely valuable for an understanding of this major American writer.

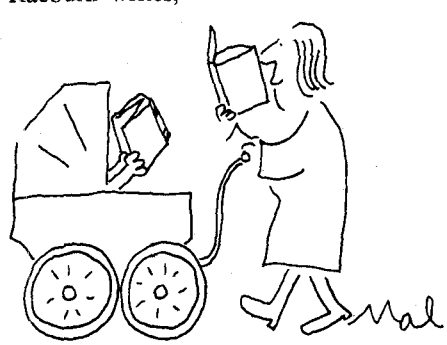
Raeburn puts his case succinctly: Ernest Hemingway's rise to

> literary eminence was accompanied by a different kind of fame—personal fame—which at first was subordinate to his literary renown, rather soon vied with it on equal terms, and eventually surpassed it to make Hemingway not only the best-known writer but one of the most famous men of his time. Enthusiasm among the intellectual elite, which nearly canonized him in the 1920s, waxed and waned after 1930, but the enthusiasm of the public, the guarantor of his personal fame, never wavered once it took him up as its champion. . . . His own acute awareness of the public response to his personality, and his sense of what this response meant, affected what he chose to write about and what he said when he did write. Nearly everything he published after 1930 reflected this awareness.

The public Hemingway was a conscious creation, very carefully fostered, and psychologically important to him, which explains, for example, his fury when, in that boxing match in 1929, Fitzgerald as referee neglected to end the round and allowed Morley Callaghan to knock Hemingway down. The creation of the public persona was to a considerable extent carried out in his nonfiction, beginning in his essays for the *transatlantic review* in the early 1920s but becoming a major enterprise only after the publication of *A Farewell to Arms*. During the 1930s, his fiction appears to have been subordinated to a series of books and articles featuring Hemingway himself as their hero. Between 1930 and 1936 Hemingway wrote some twenty short stories, among them several as good as anything he ever published, such as "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," but he also published a much larger quantity of nonfiction, including two full-length books, *Death in the Afternoon* (1932) and *The Green Hills of Africa* (1935), and a series of monthly Letters in *Esquire* between 1933 and 1936.

In *Death in the Afternoon* he created a persona so vivid that it far outweighed his fiction in the public mind and became an increasingly dominant factor in his own mind. The nonfiction that followed reinforced that public personality, the outlines of which are indicated by the titles of his *Esquire* Letters: "Marlin off the Moro," "Shootism versus Sport," "Notes on Dangerous Game," "Out in the Stream," "Sailfish off Mombasa," "On Being Shot Again," "Wings over Africa," "On the Blue Water," "There She Breaches." It is true that hunting, fishing, skiing, drinking, and other such activities had always been very much present in Hemingway's fiction, but up until this time they had existed in tension with and often as an antidote to the dark apprehensions, the *nada*, that was also there. In the nonfiction the apprehensions and the tensions disappear and the activities become ends in themselves, the accouterments of a glamorous life. *Esquire* was the perfect place for these pieces to appear.

During 1933-34 Hemingway traveled to Africa to hunt big game. "Nothing he did until the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War," as John Raeburn writes,



was to have so great or so enduring effect on his public reputation as the African trip. The novelist who had dramatized grace under pressure in fiction could now demonstrate that virtue in himself, and the nonfiction about the trip became a public record of his meeting the challenges he sought. His self-portrayal as the stalwart hunter of lion, kudu, rhinoceros, buffalo, and other big game remained one of the vivid and dramatic elements of his personal fame although he returned to Africa only once thereafter, twenty years later. Africa offered the same moral advantage as bullfighting, but here he rather than the bullfighter took the chances and administered the deaths. He admitted that he was too old and too heavy to be a successful bullfighter, but his condition was no obstacle to becoming a great hunter.

Defending the public image he had created, he got into a famous fistfight with Max Eastman, who had remarked in a review of *Death in the Afternoon* that Hemingway was "wearing false hair on his chest," and he repeatedly savaged Gertrude Stein in print for accusing him in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* of being "yellow."

Edmund Wilson, the earliest major admirer of Hemingway in the 1920s, took a scornful view of these later developments. In an essay on Hemingway in *The Wound and the Bow*, Wilson observed that beginning with *Death in the Afternoon* Hemingway had lost control of his artistic faculties in attempting to aggrandize his public personality. The "arrogant, belligerent, and boastful" Hemingway of the *Esquire* Letters was "certainly the worst-invented character to be found in the author's work," and Wilson worried that this "obnoxious" character was the only one Hemingway had left.

Even when Hemingway made a critical comeback with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in 1939, Wilson still thought the public man had damaged the artist, making most of his writing during the Thirties shrill, belligerent, and dishonest. Even his fictional heroes resembled his self-advertisements, and his celebrated anti-fascism was simple-minded, just lion hunting in a different guise. The loss of artistic control after *A Farewell to Arms*—though there are periodic recoveries—is reflected in the growing length of Hemingway's works. The intensity and compression of the earlier work give way to an increasing garrulousness, ending with the monstrous banality of *The Dangerous Summer*

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and *Garden of Eden*, which is being readied for publication (probably unwisely).

At his best, Ernest Hemingway was one of the greatest of twentieth-century artists, able to endow the most banal detail with cosmic significance. John Raeburn has given us an important analysis of the decline and loss of that power. □

FILM

HERSTORIES

John Simon

SUDDENLY, in several new American films, there is the land. It is as if main-stem movies had all at once discovered that there are (or were) farmers, that they had problems, and that these were of general human interest. Mind you, there were all along comic farmers, creepy farmers (in horror films), and small, independent-movie farmers (as in *Heartland*); but serious, expensive-production farmers, not since *Days of Heaven*, if memory serves.

Places in the Heart, whose very title is ominously sentimental, is the tribute of Robert Benton, the writer-director, to his ancestors and his home state of Texas. The way transplanted Texans carry on about Texas, you wonder why any of them ever left. It is not, after all, as if they had to leave for political reasons, like émigrés from slightly more foreign countries. But the more sensitive souls such as Benton —or the quite similar theatrical émigrés Schmidt and Jones, who gave us the syrupy *Fantasticks*—must apparently leave that rough-and-tumble state, if only to have the Lone Star to moon about. Benton, a greatly overrated, basically mushy filmmaker given to mawkishness, as in *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Kramer vs. Kramer*, and *Still of the Night*, reaches a new height of soft-core nonpornography with *Places in the Heart*.

The heroine, Edna Spalding (Sally Field), is modeled on Benton's great-grandmother who, in a freak shooting in 1882, lost her sheriff husband. But the time of the movie is 1935, when Benton was growing up, and one is forced to wonder whether what applies to 1882 can fit 1935, unless time stands still in Waxahachie, Texas, which is just barely possible. Anyway, a black youth goes gun-crazy (why? how does he get his gun?) and, almost unintentionally, shoots the friendly sheriff straight through the heart with a single shot (who was his coach: Wyatt Earp? Buffalo Bill?), leaving poor Edna without a profession but with two young kids, without resources but with a heavily mortgaged forty-acre farm. She manages to stave off the ruthless banker's behest to sell the farm, though even her sister (Lindsay Crouse), a beautician, cannot help her out financially. Meanwhile the sister's husband (Ed Harris) is cheating on his wife with the wife of his best friend—the two couples are, in fact, inseparable. The mistress (Amy Madigan) is almost indistinguishable from the wife, just as the two husbands are interchangeable. So what is the point of this affair? Apparently just to provide a subplot, however unintegrated into the main story.

Edna is obliged by the mean banker to take in a relative of his as a lodger: Mr. Will (John Malkovich), who lost his eyesight in World War I. The crusty, clumsy bachelor turns into a sweet and devoted friend of the family, even though the children badly scratch his precious phonograph record (a motif handled much more movingly in Peter Shaffer's play *The Private Ear*), presumably because Edna is such a good soul, always cooking breakfast for everyone even though money and food are scarce. Next, she takes in a black drifter, Moze (Danny Glover), even though he began by stealing her silver, because he claims to know all there is to know about growing cotton, even though he was never allowed to grow it himself. I hope you have noticed all the "even though"s in the foregoing; sentimental dishonesty thrives on "even though"s—one unlikelihood piled on top of another until you have a tower of incredibility.

And so, because there is a hundred-dollar prize in these Depression days for the first successful cotton harvest, Edna, Moze, the children, relatives, and some hired hands they manage to afford go to work superhumanly, bloodied fingers and all. And even though there must be others around better qualified and equipped, and even though the crooked seed merchant tried to rob Edna blind but Moze could not be fooled, she does win the prize, though how she can remain solvent and productive in the future is not clear, especially since the good townsfolk don their KKK sheets and almost kill Moze, but blind Mr. Will saves him in a scene you would not believe even if you saw it—or if he did.

The film deals rather cavalierly with social and economic questions, and not at all with Edna's sexual life after her

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widowing. In the best scene, Edna's sister catches on, during a card game, to her husband's infidelity, but when the other couple decides to move to the big city and hubby goes on a prolonged diet of crow and humble pie, all bodes well for both marriages. But the Klan forces Moze to move on and rejoin the ranks of the unemployed. In a heartwarming farewell scene, though, Edna tells him what a hell of a cotton-grower he is, and he goes off to starve with a contented smile. All problems are solved, however, in the uplifting final scene, when the entire population of the town—both the quick and, so help me, the dead—forgather in church for Holy Communion. In an eruption of sentimentality that would leave Thornton Wilder at the starting gate, the murdered sheriff and his lynched killer, side by side in the same pew and sharing one hymnal, lift up their voices to the Lord. Without a title card to announce it, God's kingdom on earth has evidently come, at least to Waxahachie.

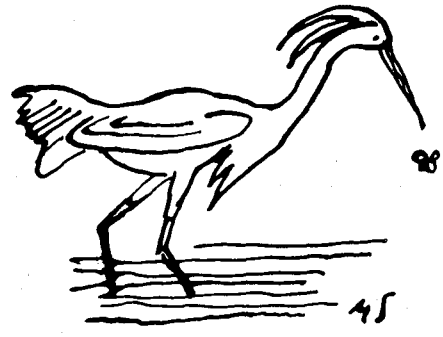
Sally Field does a passable job as Edna, but this particular mixture of one part homespun nobility and two parts wood shavings does not induce inspired acting. So insipid, in fact, is much of the writing that even the excellent Ed Harris emerges anemic, and the gifted John Malkovich strains to sound, not only look, blind. Danny Glover, a splendid actor, does keep Moze crisp and idiosyncratic, and Lindsay Crouse squeezes some juice from a dehydrated part. As the adulterous schoolteacher, Amy Madigan looks taut and troubled, which is not a bad strategy for enacting an incomprehensible role. Nestor Almendros's cinematography is understatedly evocative, and Ben-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WHILE THE first Reagan Administration was being hammered together four years ago reports of polite declinations appeared: A banker whose family held extensive oil interests refused a job as Deputy Energy Secretary; a senior vice president of a large corporation rejected the offer of a position as Under Secretary of the Interior because he feared that federal restrictions on the activities deemed proper for former government employees would preclude his assuming the rank of president upon his return to his company; while another begged off from the job of Secretary of the Interior because grazing rights held by family members on federal lands in the West invited the inevitable charge of conflict of interest. "It is just ridiculous," former Treasury Secretary William Simon once remarked of the Ethics in Government Act of 1978, passed in the commodious and tumultuous wake of the Watergate scandals four years earlier. "We're going to end up with nothing but academics and neuters." In *Ethics-in-Government Laws: Are They Too "Ethical"?* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $4.95), Alfred S. Neely IV considers the possible damage to the national polity from the gradual inversion—and I would say perversion—of the hoary stake-in-society argument, by which only men of a certain degree of wealth were adjudged to have sufficient incentive to undertake positions of public trust.

Neely begins by quoting Tocqueville, who observed with customary sageness that "A democracy could surround its magistrates with pomp, covering them in silk and gold, without making any direct attack on the principles of its existence. Such privileges are ephemeral, going with the place rather than with the man. But to establish unpaid official positions is to create a class of rich and independent functionaries and to shape the core of an aristocracy." Neely proceeds to draw certain distinctions between the premises underlying the 1978 act and those upon which its main predecessor, Title 18 of the U.S. Code, was constructed ("Not insignificantly, that chapter, 'Bribery, Graft, and Conflicts of Interest,' appears in a title devoted exclusively to crimes and criminal procedure"). The fundamental difference between the two, he concludes, is that while the ethics-in-government philosophy informing Title 18 is strictly prohibitory, that of the legislation of 1978 is preventive, symbolic, and moralistic, based upon procedures of public disclosure as a means of ensuring that "public rather than private purposes are served in public life."

Still, there is more, as Neely reminds us: for "Although the dominant philosophy of the act seems to be one of disclosure, aspects of its requirements go beyond disclosure and purport to structure and restructure the personal financial affairs of affected officers and employees"; requirements that moreover are echoed in "other governmental pronouncements, principally presidential executive orders and agency rules and regulations." In addition to these are the codes of ethical requirements mandated by professional organizations such as the American and State Bar Associations, some of which are effective as what Neely calls "de facto federal law" even though they are, in many cases, stricter than that law, which they serve actually to extend: a case in point being the ABA's stipulations, as formulated in its Code of Professional Responsibility, concerning *appearances* of propriety; or the stringency with which bar associations determine questions pertaining to the so-called "revolving door," whereby attorneys ply their various trades sequentially through a spectrum of jobs public and private —a practice that, while certainly productive of abuses, is nevertheless wholly natural and in many respects desirable as well.



Neely's concern is that under present arrangements people possessing certain sorts of expertise are frequently unable to give government the benefit of it, while government employ itself becomes a matter of lifelong service or nothing. Believing that government by a cadre of narrow-minded careerists is unwholesome and to a degree unnatural, he urges that changes be made in existing legislation so as to permit the nation to avail itself of the talents, energies, and experience of its most successful citizens. □

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ton's direction is perfectly professional, which only gives a dubious enterprise a finishing touch of slickness.

THERE IS A good tornado in *Places in the Heart*, but there is an even better one in *Country*. Otherwise, *Country*, which was co-produced by William D. Wittliff and Jessica Lange, who also stars in it with her lover, Sam Shepard, is equally, though differently, bad. The script is by Wittliff, yet another Texan, though this one a resident, who is also guilty of having scripted *Barbarosa* and *Raggedy Man*. Here we are presented with the Ivys, a happy family that is suddenly hit by a change of policy by the Farmers Home Administration: Loans granted on a more liberal basis before are now called in on short notice. Gil Ivy (Shepard) simply falls apart, starts boozing, and becomes nasty to wife and children. Otis (Wilford Brimley), Mrs. Ivy's father (who should be the current owner of the farm but inexplicably isn't), despite years of experience and accumulated wisdom, merely withdraws into his shack. Jewell Ivy, his daughter and owner of the farm (Jessica Lange), in spite of her three children, the youngest of whom is a baby, and having to work like a Trojan both indoors and outdoors, must save the day. And speaking of Trojans, a prophylactic found in the room of her eldest son, the teenaged Carlisle, sends her into a tailspin; all other problems, however, she proves more than equal to. Well, not quite; in the film's best scene, she cannot stop the FHA from confiscating the flock of sheep of a neighbor, who, ruined, can think of no other solution than to shoot himself.

Anyhow, Jewell takes over single-handed—quite literally, because, always carrying the baby on one arm, she has only the other with which to mobilize the farmers on the FHA foreclosure list. But that proves enough: At an auction of a bankrupt farmer's property ordered by the FHA, everybody refuses to bid and the government is defeated. Actually not so much the government as one mean official, who seems to be responsible for everything. His assistant, previously a friend to the farmers but then a reluctant turncoat, now reverts to righteousness, resigns from his job, and promises the farmers to find good legal help for a class-action suit, something none of them—not even Jewell—thought of before.

The subsidiary figures in *Country*, to the extent that they exist, add little. Wittliff's dialogue is largely witless, except for the odd barnyard joke or soapbox oration, which does not compensate for the rest of the dialogue's emulating the flatness of the Iowa landscape. That, by the way, is almost too beautifully photographed by David M. Walsh, with some of the supposedly authentic, on-location scenery looking suspiciously like painted backdrops. Richard Pearce, who also directed *Heartland*, conscientiously evokes atmosphere, but this should not be relegated to the direction; it belongs mostly in the characters and in the story.

Sam Shepard gives the dullest performance of his career, and the able Wilford Brimley is reduced to clichés as Otis, and runs the risk of becoming the Walter Brennan *de nos jours*. Jessica Lange acts more persuasively than ever before, but should the producer cast herself as St. Joan of the Farmyards? The best performance comes from Levi L. Knebel, an unknown amateur, as Carlisle; followed, for second place, by the aforementioned twister. But there was a chance here of making a strong political statement, which the film dimly aims at and which, in an American movie, would be a welcome rarity, but the chance was flubbed. What is heard loud and clear is Charles Gross's crass, stentorian, and redundant score, as obnoxious as those TV commercials wherein a hectoring voice duplicates the message written on the screen. □

DELECTATIONS

GARIBALDI'S LEGACY

Nika Hazelton

IF YOU THINK New York City traffic is alarming, let me tell you—having returned from Italy a few days ago—that it is positively pastoral compared to the traffic in Rome, or even Florence. My husband and I have yet to recover from days spent navigating around the hundreds of thousands of cars in those cities, cars occupying every inch of available space and crawling through the ancient streets; not to mention the fact that when a pedestrian wants to cross a street he must simply *go*, and—wonder of wonders—he will arrive quite safely on the other side. But he must be firm about it. Italians are still the nicest and most polite of drivers, though, as well as, I may add, extremely skillful ones.

Meanwhile, the sidewalks are as crowded as the streets these days. Italy is jammed with foreigners who, at least in Florence, no longer go there to absorb culture but to shop. English is what you hear, with good ole American accents, as men and women alike schlep fancy shopping bags from fancy shops. Ah, the strong dollar—"dollar dementia," a friend called it as he watched a woman buy eight pairs of shoes at Gucci's because she was saving about $30 on each pair compared to New York Gucci prices. She did not *need* the shoes, she told a companion, but she liked the savings . . .

My husband and I were passing through Florence on our way to the heel of Italy, the region called Apulia, which is sheer bliss and not yet touristy at all. We went to see the ruins of Magna Graecia—the Greater Greece of antiquity—and the cathedrals the Normans built before they went on to conquer England; glorious Baroque cities and the strange cone-shaped *trulli*, as well as the cave city of Matera. I will be writing about all of these, wishing I were still there, on the high mountaintop of Castel del Monte, where Frederick II built his octagonal castle in 1240 and where he wrote his book on falconry before taking himself to Sicily to rule and die there.

More about Apulia next time; meanwhile, back in Rome, in order to escape the horrors of the traffic, we stayed at the Cavalieri Hilton, on a hill above the city. The hotel has a shuttle bus that takes you down into town (for free) whenever you wish. The Cavalieri Hilton is run on American lines, very efficient and comfortable and, though out of the city, is good for resting up, swimming in the large pool, shopping, discoing, conventioneering, and—of course—eating very well indeed. The rooftop restaurant has a truly breath-taking view over Rome at night, and even the Romans come there to eat the famous food. The lesser restaurant, called the Pergola, where you eat lunch, leaves nothing to be desired either. I especially admired one pasta dish, and the chef kindly gave me the recipe, which appears at the end of this article.

Italy is no longer the poor country

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it once was, although of course large pockets of poverty still exist. But cars are cheap, even if they are only tin boxes cemented rather than welded together, and everybody has one or two or even more. The same old political confusion is as rampant as ever and people are as cynical in their political opinions; but people who want to work make out well. (The foregoing does not apply to the vast number of mediocrities and incompetents who think that working with their hands is shameful because they went to a university for free, and feel superior.)

Television has radically changed the country in every nook and cranny. There are RAI (the state-run TV system) and more than seventy private TV stations, which blare over and over the punk rock imported from the United States and its feeble-minded Italian imitators. However, the color is far better than ours, because Italy's TV color system is newer—a revelation of how good color TV can really be.

All in all, six weeks in Italy have convinced me that the romantic vision of that country prevalent in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is no longer accurate, though you may find spots where it still exists. Yet I could not help feeling that the vibrant and energetic life around me would be as lasting as all the other vibrant and energetic lives Italy has absorbed over the centuries, and that all the cars, computers, washing machines, and smart clothes would go as they came, to make room for the next wave.

CHEF ERMENEGILDO'S
TAGLIOLINI AL LIMONE

4 servings

- 1 pound *tagliolini* (long, thin egg noodles)
- 8 tablespoons butter
- Grated peel from one large lemon (yellow part only)
- 4 tablespoons dry white wine
- 1½ cups cream
- Pinch of cayenne pepper
- 2 ounces freshly grated Parmesan cheese
- A few drops of lemon juice
- Salt to taste

Cook the *tagliolini* for two minutes in plenty of salted, boiling water.

In a large, wide pan melt 4 tablespoons of the butter, add the lemon peel, cook slightly for one minute, add the white wine, and lower flame to minimum. Add the cream and cayenne pepper and cook for a few minutes. Add the freshly cooked *tagliolini* and let it simmer for a few minutes until the consistency is slightly thick. Remove from flame, add the rest of the butter, Parmesan cheese, and a few drops of fresh lemon juice, mix briskly, and serve immediately. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

William F. Buckley Jr., by Mark Royden Winchell (Twayne, 167 pp., $5.95, paper)

WHAT A YEAR. Not only did Ronald Reagan get re-elected by a landslide, but William F. Buckley Jr. made it into the Twayne's United States Authors Series. Mr. Buckley has been marmorealized by one Mark Royden Winchell, a professor of English at the University of Southern Mississippi, who has prepared for his present task by attentively reading every word of Mr. Buckley's that has been preserved between hard covers. Professor Winchell's book has its problems. Some are technical: The text goes as far as *Marco Polo, If You Can*, the bibliography includes *Atlantic High*, and the chronology mentions *Overdrive*. Some are trivial but suggestive: Professor Winchell, for example, apparently cannot spell "Dwight Macdonald." And some are simply the manifestation of an excessively fussy approach to prose style: "But then, as Louis Armstrong once said of jazz: People who have to ask what it is wouldn't understand if you told them." (Not surprisingly, Professor Winchell has relatively little of interest to say about Mr. Buckley's prose style, analytical or otherwise.) As if to compensate, he is subject to fits of an etiolated whimsy that manifests itself in chapter heads and subheads like "Blackford Comes to Dumbarton," "A Wealth of Notions," "Teacher's Pest," and "Boffing the Queen." Still, Professor Winchell's intentions are manifestly good, and he does have more than a few perceptive things to say about his subject. ("Buckley will be remembered for having brought to political journalism an almost sensuous love of the English language and a much-needed sense of humor . . . his most important contributions to the conservative movement may well be aesthetic and psychological.") Besides, *William F. Buckley Jr.* has a significance that goes far beyond its intrinsic quality. It represents the first time ever that a bona-fide professor has had the nerve to carve the name of William F. Buckley Jr. into so hoary a grove of academe as the Twayne's United States Authors Series. Whittaker Chambers may make it yet. TERRY TEACHOUT

DESMOND
(Continued from page 35)

move decisively to regain control of an infiltrated Catholic youth organization. Then, on January 2, 1983, this savvy bishop told his flock: "The Church is facing its greatest challenge, and, for 1983, the Church will be looking on the youth to be more committed to the Church than ever. There are people who want to dictate to the Church what to do, and 1983 will even see an attempt to *crush* the Church."

The bishop's prescience alarmed the Ministry of the Interior, where officials laid plans to establish a mandatory register for all Church activities, "remove from primary schools all deeply religious head teachers by whatever means suitable," immediately introduce political education at the primary and secondary levels, cut back on religious radio programming, and open Marxist-Leninist bookshops in outlying parishes. Documents also mention the hope that Nicaragua might send some priests of the "liberation theology" variety to confound the reactionary clerics. Party officials even went so far as to ask Vietnamese comrades "how they tackled the difficult question of the Catholic Church." (According to a recent Amnesty International report, 150 Catholic priests now languish in Vietnamese jails.)

That a speck of a country like Grenada could casually ask for advice from a country half a world away is testimony to the heady internationalism that comes with a place in the Soviet orbit. Party officials and army officers attended schools in the Soviet Union and other Eastern-bloc countries. The Grenadians managed to secure military aid, economic aid, or political agreements with Cuba, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, Nicaragua, Libya, East Germany, North Korea, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and other states. The rulers of the little island must have felt very important.

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Enhancing the island's value to Moscow was a primary goal of the NJM. In a telling report, Grenada's ambassador to Moscow, Richard Jacobs, notes that "their [the Soviets'] support for us is actually below our support for them." The conclusion did not alarm Jacobs, however, because he believed that successfully courting Moscow would require many sacrifices. Jacobs argued that the best way to catch the Kremlin's eye was to help install friendly, "anti-imperial" regimes in neighboring countries: "Of all the regional possibilities, the most likely candidate for special attention is Surinam. Another candidate is Belize. To the extent that we can take credit for bringing any other country into the progressive fold, our prestige and influence would be greatly enhanced."

What effects did the U.S. invasion and the fall of the NJM have? Soviet scholar Jiri Valenta has found in the writings of one Karen Brutents, a leading ideologist in the Soviet International Department, signs that the Grenada operation worried the Soviets. Before the invasion, Brutents argued in numerous articles that the world "correlation of forces" and American defeatism together made the U.S. a paralyzed giant. After the invasion, Brutents revised his analysis, writing that the U.S., "intoxicated with the success of Grenada," had become a much more threatening force in world affairs. The implication was that Moscow must behave cautiously to avoid crossing swords with the U.S. or losing any more allies. If that sensibility has indeed found its way into the Kremlin, the world will be a safer place. □

STANS

(Continued from page 38)

Farm output is already much higher, and the peasants are prospering. Television antennae sprout from the roofs of apartment buildings and country homes. Families are better housed, better clothed and fed, and they are acquiring conveniences such as washing machines and refrigerators. The question of population has been attacked by allowing only one child per couple, an edict that is strictly enforced by a system of penalties for violators. The standard of living seems destined to advance rapidly, with all the benefits of a capitalist society, as well as the attendant penalties: increased crime, social maladjustment, environmental pollution, and other ills that advanced countries know so well.

China is a colossus with one-fourth of the world's population: 1.1 billion people, of whom 75 per cent work at subsistence-level agriculture. Its natural resources, especially in energy, are among the largest in the world. Will these moves toward freer enterprise unleash the normal human instincts to acquire and own more and better things? If so—if the tentative advances here described reach fruition—it could change the nation and the world far more than any other form of conquest.

All of this stimulates speculation on many fronts. How can the United States best benefit from this enormous growth market for products? What will be the offsetting costs to American industry in the furious trade competition sure to be generated by China's exports, given that nation's low labor costs? Which American industries will benefit and which will suffer? What will the massive Chinese trade do for and to other developing nations? The answers are complex, and they demand forward thinking by the best minds in government and industry in the major trading nations.

Other interesting questions come to mind. How permanent will this revolution be in a country that has seen the pendulum swing so often in recent decades? How secure will foreign investment be from changes in rules? Is Maoism truly dead? Could it still be revived if Mao's widow and her colleagues in the so-called Gang of Four, or others of his followers, were somehow to take over control of the government? Deng Xiaoping is now eighty; clearly, the longer he survives, the less likely a reversal will be.

One other line of thought has even more intriguing possibilities. If China does continue on its new path and its success measures up to its extraordinary opportunity, will the Soviets not be forced to emulate its demonstrated success by adopting similar policies? Yugoslavia and to some extent Rumania have shown that the ideology of Communism can be stretched into pragmatic shapes. Perhaps China may, by showing how much a free economy can do for its people, point the way to the demise of rigid Marxism and the ultimate reconciliation of differences among the political systems of the world. □

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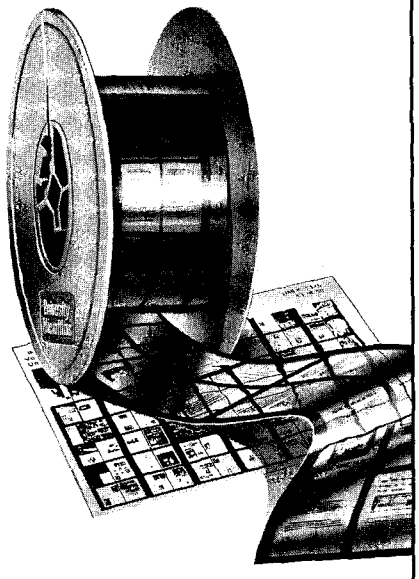

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PLEASE JUST GO AWAY

NEW YORK, NOV. 7

IT SEEMED never to occur to candidate Mondale that, in America, the idea of progress presupposes a state of mind Mondale never acknowledged, in all that caterwauling he did for all those weeks and months. That idea is that progress should entitle an American to a certain limited security; that having worked, earned, and saved, that American doesn't think it correct that his life's work should be subject to political vicissitudes: here today, gone tomorrow in inflation and in taxes. Moreover, that American doesn't feel that he made headway at the expense of other Americans. When the voter began listening to Mondale, he found himself invited to think of himself and others he knew and worked with as base creatures, dominated primarily by greed. He knew this wasn't so, and he came, I think, to resent this being said about him. He turned against Mondale, a rejection that didn't necessarily comprehend local Democrats not associated with Mondalean censoriousness.

The final speech of Walter Mondale in Corpus Christi said it all in direct language. "There are a lot of things we can't afford in this country, but one thing we can't afford to be is just cruel, uncaring, brutal, unkind, and vicious to the helpless in America."

Now the clear assumption, here invited, was that those Americans who favor the policies of Ronald Reagan are cruel, uncaring, brutal, unkind, and vicious. ("Darling, am I cruel, uncaring, brutal, unkind, and vicious?" "No, dear, you are gentle, thoughtful, tender, kind, and civilized.") This is not to deny that we are a race of sinners. But it is to deny that on the day of the Great Accounting one will need to include in the list of one's sins that one had worked for Ronald Reagan.

The conviction runs deep in America that the Marxist notion that any success is exploitative is quite simply mistaken. Walter Mondale—and his counterparts in the academy; one thinks of Professor John Kenneth Galbraith—was in fact tendering this assumption to the people. That what they got was ill-gotten, and that what they had, they owed, in fact, to those who did not have so much. It is no slur on the deep philanthropic reserves of America that this proposition was emphatically rejected. Rejected not only by the comfortable, but by the many not now comfortable who see in the Reagan program the means by which they can rise, in the American tradition, from discomfort, toward moderate affluence. The figures indicate that 30 per cent of the Americans who voted and whose incomes are less than $5,000 per year voted for Reagan. And that 50 per cent of those whose income is between $5,000 and $10,000 voted for Reagan. They were registering an affinity for policies that suggest that hope is a realizable ideal. They were rejecting the proposition that Mr. Mondale's "hopeless" are a class of the congenitally deprived.

The week before the election, Professor Galbraith, lecturing about the country, was insisting that Ronald Reagan had brought to America the first true political polarization in modern times. It is hard to take this position seriously after Tuesday's election.

No, the nation is not polarized. There are, as there will always be, differences. But there is a flat popular rejection of the proposition that policies that favor lower taxation and greater opportunity are misanthropic in nature. Wise Democrats ought, really, to catch on by now. The American people have spoken three times on the subject, emphatically rejecting McGovern, then Carter, then Mondale. They don't want McGovernism, and they are saying that not wanting McGovernism is not the same thing as hating the poor and the needy. That to say no to Fritz Mondale is not the same as being cruel, uncaring, brutal, unkind, and vicious. They just want him please to go away. □

VAPID THOUGHT FROM BISHOPS

NEW YORK, NOV. 16

IT IS A PITY that the initial draft of the bishops' statement on social policy is so sad an accumulation of lumpen clichés. On the other hand, it is probably preferable that it be that, over against, say, injunctions to pass this or the other piece of legislation, as this would make it more difficult for dutiful Catholics to face their inclinations at once to docility, and to their own consciences. It is one thing to go on and on about how we should do something about the high rate of unemployment; something else to say that we should pass the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which not one reputable economist endorses, at the risk of being an ex-reputable economist.

What, then, have the bishops said? Their preambular statement is as follows: "The poor have a special claim on our concern because they are vulnerable and needy. We believe that all—Christians, Jews, those of other faiths or no faith at all—must measure their actions and choices by what they do *for* and *to* the poor." At this point one tends to ask particular questions. For instance, if you are a doctor, you ask yourself the question, "Can I affirmatively measure my actions and choices by what they do for and to the poor?" It is true that you charge a fee for your services, and that some of the poor do not have the wherewithal to pay a fee. You do, however, do two things: You give over a part of your time to caring for those who cannot pay; and you pay taxes toward a fund that looks after others who cannot pay. Are your duties discharged?

But the preamble goes on: "As pastors and as citizens we are convinced of one fundamental criterion for economic decisions, policies, and institutions: They must all be at the service of human beings. The economy was made for people, *all* people, and not the other way around."

So the doctor, continuing his self-interrogation, asks himself, "Which of American institutions are the bishops staring in the face, asking whether such an institution was at the service of human beings? The medical profession? The legal profession? The political profession?" Ask a vague question, and you will get a vague reply.

Group writing, of the kind that went into the pastoral, tends to bring with it compromises, which sometimes bring forth a purée of this same vapidity. Consider: "The Church's teaching opposes collectivist and statist economic approaches. But it also resists the notion that an unimpeded market automatically produces justice." Okay. When does an unimpeded market not produce justice? Well, let's say there are only ten vials of penicillin, and one hundred people who need penicillin. Is it

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"just" to give that scarce penicillin only to those who can pay for it? No: Under such circumstances, penicillin should be rationed. And under such circumstances there would also develop a black market for penicillin, because it is a part of the human nature given us by our Creator to care slightly more about one's own sick than about others' sick. So what are we going to do about that?

The bishops weigh in on labor unions at the oddest time in American history. There are solid laws on the books making it easy to unionize and forbidding employers from practices designed to impede unionization. But even so, there is diminishing participation in labor unions, and where they have tended to flourish and to hold the economy in a hammerlock, as in England, they have visited grave damage on the commonweal. So the bishops choose this moment to advocate "U.S. labor-law reform . . . to give greater substance to the right to organize, to prevent intimidation of workers, and to provide remedies in a more timely manner for unfair labor practices." Like what?

And on and on. Third World countries are spending too much money on the military. Nothing is more obvious than that. And if Argentines and Chileans were more orderly, they would trim their military budgets by about 90 per cent, and let's hope they read the bishops' manifesto, fall down on their knees, and do just that. They won't, of course. As for the major powers, the United States has no desire to spend money except as required to exercise our responsibilities in the world. In the Thirties, U.S. infantrymen used broomsticks for rifles, so penurious was the government in spending for the military. But this time the potential enemy disposes of apocalyptic weapons, and we need counter-apocalyptic weapons, principal among them the conviction that God created man to value certain other things more than life itself. □

SVETLANA: A REMINISCENCE

NEW YORK, NOV. 9

ON MARCH 11, 1967, I disembarked at the airport in Geneva, having flown from New York, and remarked idly the only other airplane on the tarmac nearby, an Alitalia 727. A few hours later the press of the entire world was ablaze with the news of the most inflammatory defection of modern times. Svetlana Alliluyeva, the daughter of Josef Stalin, had defected to the West! It strains the imagination to think of a comparable apostasy: SIMON WIESENTHAL JOINS THE AMERICAN NAZI PARTY. PRINCE CHARLES RENOUNCES THRONE, JOINS IRA.

Since even middle-aged boys will sometimes be boys, on learning that the Alitalia plane I had cozied up against was in fact the surreptitious vehicle carrying the fabled Svetlana to her secret destination, I telephoned a New York journalist and told him breathlessly, "I've got a terrific beat for you! I walked up into the Alitalia plane on a hunch and actually talked to Svetlana! And I said to her, 'Why have you defected?' And she said, 'Because in India, I came across an issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, and I was so overwhelmed by the arguments of your journal of opinion that I could stand it no longer, and so went to the West!' " Big laugh. Then the tons and tons of publicity. Svetlana goes to America! Besieged by reporters! Goes into seclusion! Writes big best-selling book, telling all about her awful father! Marries. Joins Russian Orthodox Church, underscoring her total divorce from her Bolshevik, atheist past. Has child. Divorces. Settles down in Princeton. And then . . . creeping obscurity. Has Svetlana, finally, found what she wanted?

Some time goes by, and a few years ago a colleague at NATIONAL REVIEW brings me, with astonishment, a letter, to which is attached a check for $500 made out to NATIONAL REVIEW. It was from Svetlana; in it she said that this journal of conservative thought and opinion was her favorite publication, and that she wished to help sustain it. Dazzled by counting the daughter of Josef Stalin as a moral and financial supporter of the principal conservative fortnightly in America, I discovered that she had befriended James and Faith McFadden, an earnest and intelligent Christian couple in New York, McFadden having been associated with NATIONAL REVIEW ever since leaving the army. It all led to meetings with Svetlana.

We lunched twice, and corresponded and talked on the telephone several times. At one of the lunches she spoke of her frustration at attempting unsuccessfully to be in touch with her son, a doctor in Moscow, and her daughter, also in Russia. She complained of her exploitation by lawyers and accountants and publishers, complained with a harshness of tone that made the listener, less than easily disposed to believe she had been so systematically victimized, both sad and apprehensive. She renewed, then, her tale of her desperate concern to reach out to her children in Russia. Her luncheon companion improvised one or two byzantine schemes by which a communication from her might succeed in reaching those children, and this got from her a smile, half gratitude, half condescension: How could Americans fail to understand that anfractuous schemes of the sort I was proposing simply did not work when dealing with the Soviet state? Even if the letters arrived, they might compromise her children, and this she could not risk. But . . . I must not think her ungrateful.

She wanted so much to be useful. "You must use me to translate anything you receive in Russian that you wish to publish." The promise was readily made—the trouble being that her English, while fluent, was not polished, so that, although it crossed my mind to check Solzhenitsyn's Harvard Commencement Address with her, having found some passages perplexing in translation, I desisted. I called her after Billy Graham had traveled to Russia and made the astonishing announcement that he had found there ample opportunity to practice Christianity. She said, "Does he not know that the Bible is forbidden to be sold in the Soviet Union?"

AND THEN she went to England, in high spirits, to do a few hours of television with Malcolm Muggeridge, with whom she stayed for a week. Last year, visiting with Muggeridge, I reported the surprise I had had on reading a letter of extraordinary vituperative intensity by Svetlana to Faith McFadden, about how awful, how venal, how exploitative Muggeridge had proved to be in his dealings with her. Since Malcolm Muggeridge is exploitative of people about as St. Francis was exploitative of birds, I had put the letter down with the awful feeling that Svetlana had—how do you say it in Russian?—turned the bend?

Evidently she has. Though that is hard to conclude about her to the extent that she is emotionally motivated. Russian literature groans with testimony to the attachment of Russians to Russia. Mother Russia got back the Christian libertarian Svetlana, who in her conversational mentions of her father, the father of modern Russia, could only bring herself to refer to him as "He." She became unbalanced, but the call of her homeland and family overrode her reason, what was left of it. The heart-tearing worst of it all is that, back in the Soviet Union, she will be governed by monsters, who do not forgive desperate gestures of sanity and faith. The West does not need Svetlana, and the Soviet Union needs her only to make her pay for the embarrassment she caused the society her father godfathered. She needs the prayers of her fellow Christians. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

FRENCHWOMAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE RESIDENT, refugee from socialist France, excellent social and educational background, perfect hostess, well organized yet fun to be with, petite, elegant, and pretty, loves American way of life. Enjoys: interior decorating, learning something new, subtle conversation. Seeks discriminating soulmate 50–65. Write NR Box 4000.

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CONSERVATIVE MALE, 34, idealistic, responsible, considerate, never married, Catholic. Romantic enough to see more in the first snowfall and the last leaf than mere meteorological and botanical events, practical enough to know the difference between stocks and bonds, puts and calls, and when to be in which. Non-smoker, light drinker, thinks people are more fun in groups of about four than at the typical party. Seeks female whose embrace of traditional values is thoughtful, deliberate. Write NR Box 3999.

PETITE, BLUE-EYED suburban Bostonian, 47, enjoys theater, politics, dancing, Boston Symphony Orchestra; seeks traditional gentleman, forthright, good-humored, professional. Write NR Box 3990.

WARM-HEARTED, GREEN-EYED brunette, 27, 5'2", NYC computer whiz, world traveler, enjoys cooking, bicycling, canoeing. Seeks smart, kind, professional gentleman with traditional outlook. Write NR Box 3964.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Christian festival commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost — 127 41 99 51 64 85 13 158 117

B. In an unspecified manner — 110 40 136 81 164 14

C. Seafood condiment (var.) (2 words) — 71 35 112 18 57 95 46 100 121 61 / 27

D. One of Hitler's Schutzstaffel — 153 131 20 70 29 4 163 49 31 86

E. Descriptive of Harold Stassen forty years ago (3 words) — 113 130 45 126 12 80 30 52 139 161 / 104

F. Surly — 94 78 137 88 101 62 156 19

G. How they retire on the farm? (3 words) — 165 72 111 1 118 32 92 133 44

H. Annul — 167 43 25 146 54 140 8 79

I. However — 134 87 48 107 37 171 5 103 114 69 / 122 56

J. What many folks were unable to do after OPEC's embargo (2 words) — 157 17 76 47 102 142 73 124 38

K. Common variety of Democrat, first appearing in the Thirties (2 words) — 23 115 162 168 3 33 68 119 59

L. Tibia specialist? — 129 83 148 2 16 58 166 28 105 123 / 91

M. Cacophonous cachinnation? — 15 144 55 159 89 26 66 74 6 39 / 116 93

N. Saving — 143 128 135 50 150 106 170 10 152

O. Vertical — 22 145 65 98 11 109 77

P. City in Saskatchewan — 155 125 63 151 82 108 7 75 34

Q. County in Great Britain — 169 149 36 138 60

R. *Khomeini subject* (var.) — 53 120 24 141 96

S. This kind of action is looked upon negatively by many — 84 67 90 9 42 97 154 21 160 147 / 132

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 G	2 L	3 K		4 D	5 I	6 M	7 P	8 H	9 S	10 N
11 O		12 E	13 A	14 B	15 M		16 L	17 J		18 C	19 F	20 D	21 S		22 O	23 K
24 R	25 H	26 M	27 C	28 L		29 D	30 E	31 D	32 G	33 K	34 P		35 C	36 Q	37 I	38 J
39 M	40 B	41 A	42 S		43 H	44 G		45 E		46 C	47 J	48 I	49 D	50 N	51 A	
52 E	53 R	54 H		55 M	56 I		57 C		58 L	59 K	60 Q	61 C	62 F	63 P	64 A	
65 O	66 M	67 S	68 K	69 I	70 D	71 C	72 G	73 J	74 M		75 P	76 J		77 O	78 F	79 H
	80 E	81 B	82 P	83 L	84 S	85 A	86 D	87 I	88 F		89 M	90 S		91 L	92 G	93 M
	94 F	95 C	96 R	97 S	98 O	99 A	100C	101F		102J	103I	104E	105L	106N	107I	
108P	109O	110B	111G		112C	113E	114I	115K	116M		117A	118G	119K		120R	121C
122I	123L	124J	125P	126E		127A	128N	129L	130E	131D	132S		133G	134I	135N	
136B	137F	138Q	139E		140H	141R	142J	143N	144M	145O	146H	147S		148L	149Q	150N
	151P	152N	153D		154S	155P	156F	157J	158A	159M	160S	161E		162K	163D	164B
	165G	166L	167H	168K	169Q		170N	171I								

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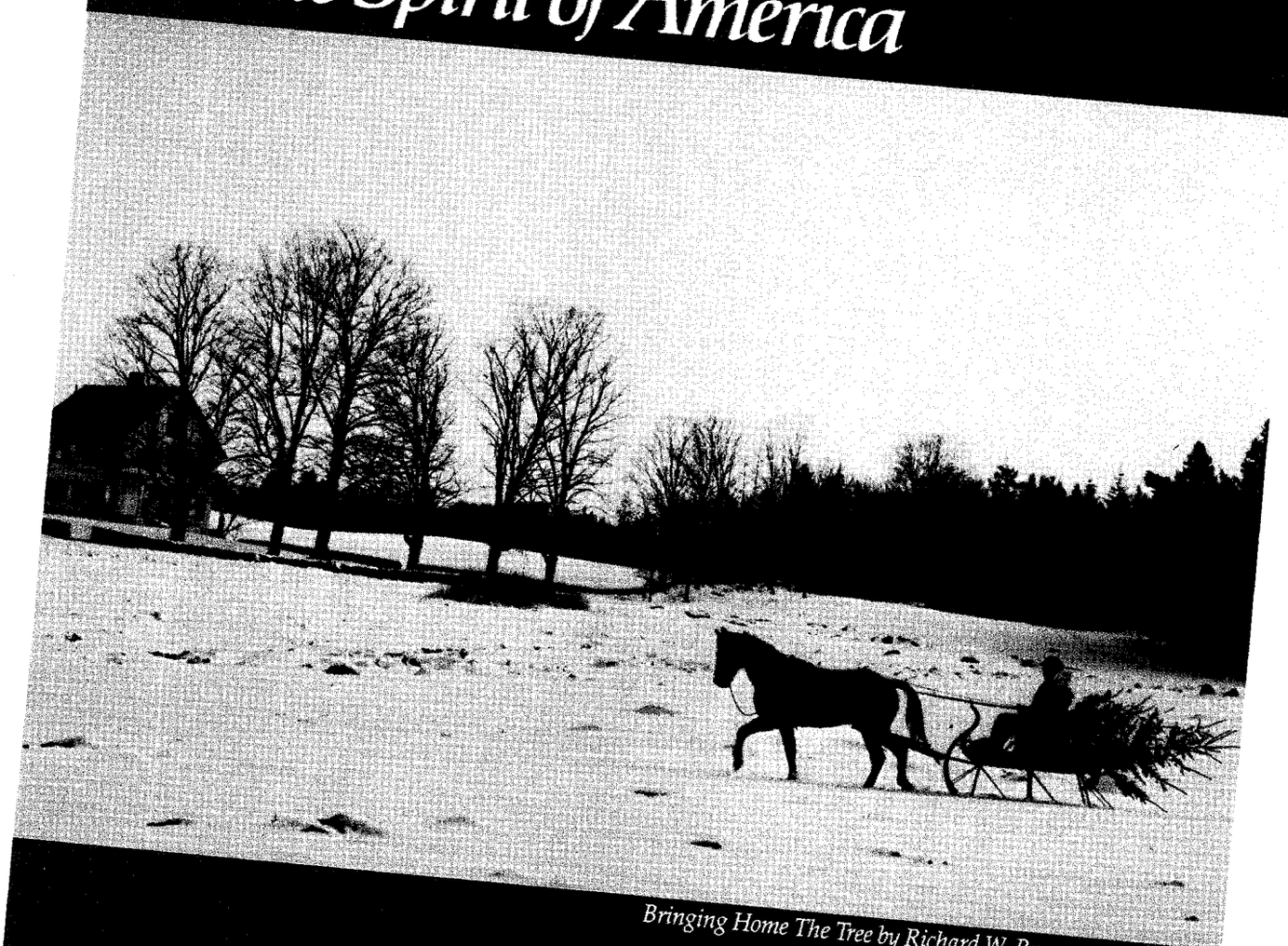
The Spirit of America



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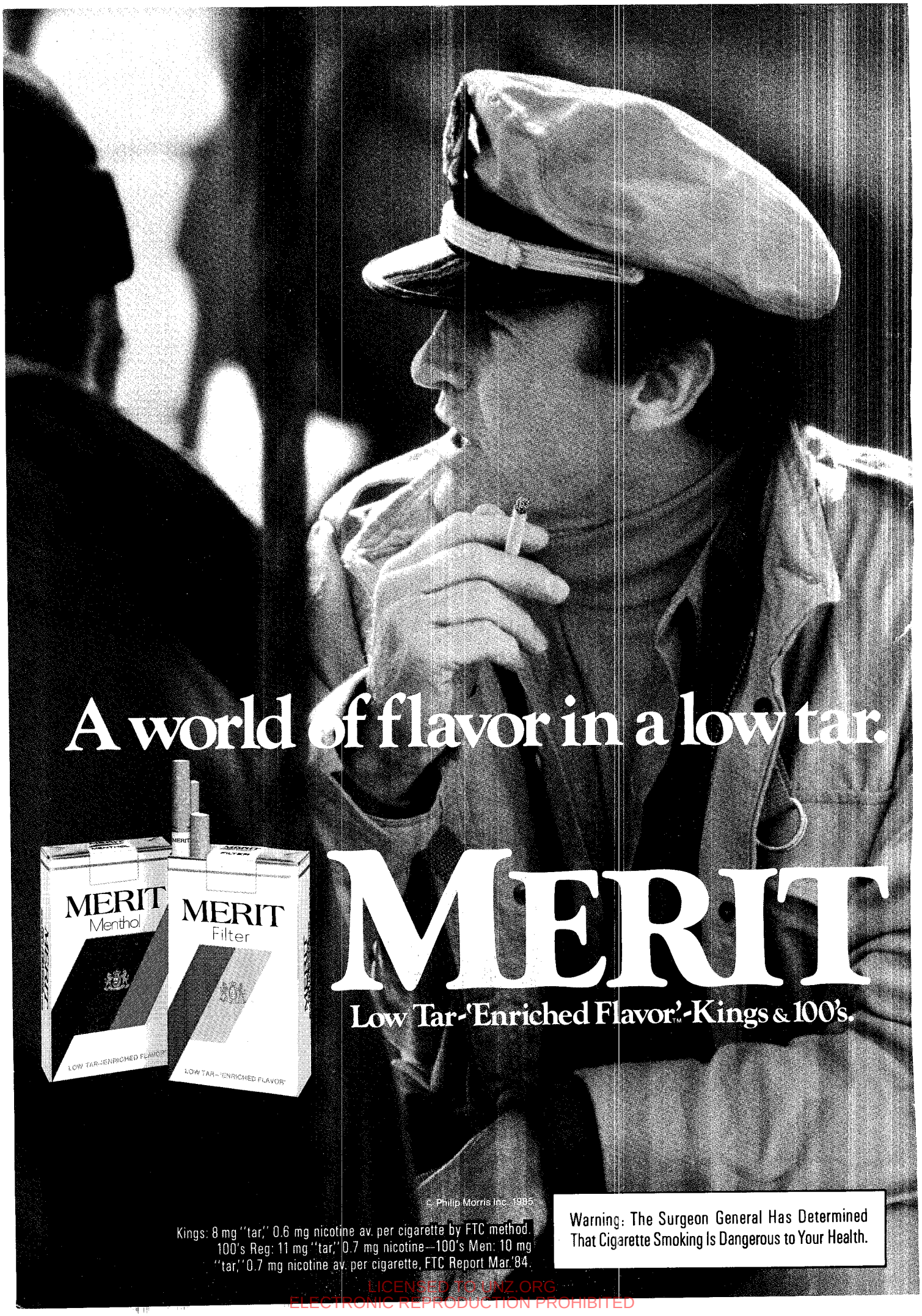

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